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WRITTEN FOR THE TIMES. LINES.

On the transitoriness of Life.

By W. R. TERRY.

Dying! Ever dying!
List, do you hear?
But dying worms are we—
Death ever near!

Traveling! Ever traveling!
Along we do go!
Soon to land in heaven—
Or awful hell below!

Onward! Still onward!
We continue to live!
But our journey soon is ended—
Down we drop and die!

Rockingham, N. C.

Our Historical Gallery.

Sketches of the Presidents.

FIRST—GEORGE WASHINGTON.

HAVING given in our last week's issue a brief outline of the more important events in the life of Washington, we devote the space of this number to the analysis of his character, to obtain which is the chiefest good of biographical composition. The analysis has been very successfully accomplished by men who lived and acted when he lived and acted, and were cognizant of all the circumstances and their bearings. Some of these we present. First,

BY JAMES KIRK PAULDING.

In analyzing the character of Washington, there is nothing that strikes me as more admirable than its beautiful symmetry. In this respect it is consummate. His different qualities were so nicely balanced, so rarely associated, of such harmonious affinities, that no one seemed to interfere with another, or predominate over the whole. The natural ardor of his disposition was steadily restrained by a power of self-command which it dared not disobey. His caution never degenerated into timidity, nor his courage into imprudence or temerity. His memory was accompanied by a sound, unerring judgment, which turned its acquisitions to the best advantage; his industry and economy of time neither rendered him dull or unsocial; his dignity never was vitiated by pride or harshness, and his unconquerable firmness was free from obstinacy, or self-willed arrogance. He was gigantic, but at the same time he was well proportioned and beautiful. It was this symmetry of parts that diminished the apparent magnitude of the whole; as in those fine specimens of Grecian architecture, where the size of the temple seems lessened by its perfection. There are plenty of men who become distinguished by the predominance of one single faculty, or the exercise of a solitary virtue; but few, very few, present to our contemplation such a combination of virtues unalloyed by a single vice; such a succession of actions, both public and private, in which even his enemies can find nothing to blame.

Assuredly he stands almost alone in the world. He occupies a region where there are, unhappily for mankind, but few inhabitants. The Grecian biographer could easily find parallels for Alexander and Caesar, but were he living now, he would meet with great difficulty in selecting one for Washington. There seems to be an elevation of moral excellence, which, though possible to attain to, few ever approach. As in ascending the lofty peaks of the Andes, we at length arrive at a line where vegetation ceases, and the principle of life seems extinct; so in the gradations of human character, there is an elevation which is never attained by mortal man. A few have approached it, and none nearer than Washington.

He is eminently conspicuous as one of the great benefactors of the human race, for he not only gave liberty to millions, but his name now stands, and will for ever stand, a noble example to high and low. He is a great work of the almighty Artist, which none can study without receiving purer ideas and more lofty conceptions of the grace and beauty of the human character. He is one that all may copy at different distances, and whom none can contemplate without receiving lasting and salutary impressions of the sterling value, the inexpressible beauty of piety, integrity, courage, and patriotism, associated with

most assiduously inspected his private and public papers, will endeavor faithfully to give the impressions which he has himself received.

General Washington was rather above the common size, his frame was robust, and his constitution vigorous—capable of enduring great fatigue, and requiring a considerable degree of exercise for the preservation of his health. His exterior created in the beholder the idea of strength united with manly gracefulness.

His manners were rather reserved than free, though they partook nothing of that dryness and sternness which ac-

head of an undisciplined, ill organized multitude, which was unused to the restraints and unacquainted with the ordinary duties of a camp, without the aid of officers possessing those lights which the commander-in-chief was yet to acquire, it would have been a miracle indeed had his conduct been absolutely faultless. But, possessing an energetic and distinguishing mind, on which the lessons of experience were never lost, his errors, if he committed any, were quickly repaired; and those measures which the state of things rendered most advisable, were seldom if ever neglected. Inferior to his adversary in the

suspended until it became necessary to determine, and his decisions, thus maturely made, were seldom if ever to be shaken. His conduct therefore was systematic, and the great objects of his administration were steadily pursued.

Respecting, as the first magistrate in a free government must ever do, the real and deliberate sentiments of the people, their gusts of passion passed over without ruffling the smooth surface of his mind. Trusting to the reflecting good sense of the nation for approbation and support, he had the magnanimity to pursue its real interests in opposition to its temporary prejudices; and, though far from being regardless of popular favor, he was not less ready to be deserving to lose it. In more instances than one, we find him committing his whole popularity to hazard, and pursuing steadily, in opposition to a torrent which would have overwhelmed a man of ordinary firmness, that course which had been dictated by a sense of duty.

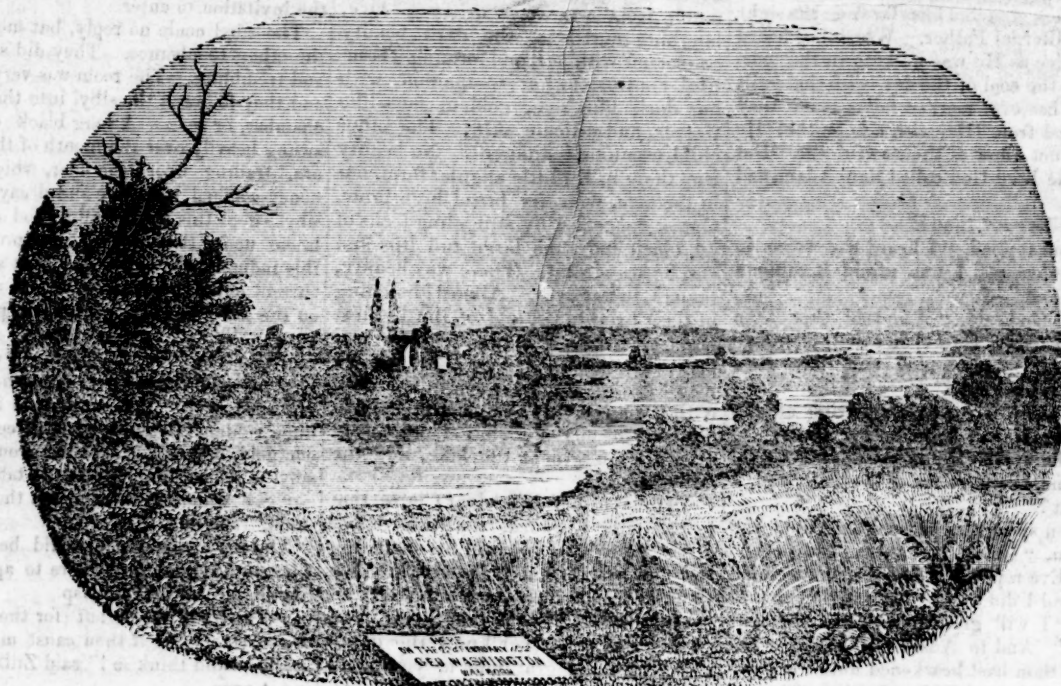
In speculation, he was a real republican, devoted to the constitution of his country, and to that system of equal political rights on which it is founded. But between a balanced republic and a democracy, the difference is like that between order and chaos. Real liberty, he thought, was to be preserved only by preserving the authority of the laws, and maintaining the energy of government. Scarcely did society present two characters which, in his opinion, less resembled each other than a patriot and a demagogue.

No man has ever appeared upon the theatre of public action whose integrity was more incorruptible, or whose principles were more perfectly free from the contamination of those selfish and unworthy passions which find their nourishment in the conflicts of party. Having no views which required concealment, his real and avowed motives were the same; and his whole correspondence does not furnish a single case from which even an enemy would infer that he was capable, under any circumstances, of stooping to the employment of duplicity. No truth can be uttered with more confidence than that his ends were always upright, and his means always pure. He exhibits the rare example of a politician to whom wiles were absolutely unknown, and whose professions to foreign governments and to his own countrymen were always sincere. In him was fully exemplified the real distinction which for ever exists between wisdom and cunning, and the importance as well as truth of the maxim, that "honesty is the best policy."

If Washington possessed ambition, that passion was, in his bosom, so regulated by principles, or controlled by circumstances, that it was neither vicious nor turbulent. Intrigue was never employed as the mean of its gratification, nor was personal aggrandizement its object. The various and important stations to which he was called by the public voice were unsought by himself; and in consenting to fill them, he seems rather to have yielded to a general conviction that the interests of his country would be thereby promoted, than to his particular inclination.

Neither the extraordinary partiality of the American people, the extravagant praises which were bestowed upon him, nor the inveterate opposition and malignant calumnies which he experienced, had any visible influence upon his conduct. The cause is to be looked for in the texture of his mind.

In him, that innate and unassuming modesty which adulation would have offended, which the voluntary plaudits of millions could not betray into indiscretion, and which never obtruded upon others his claims to superior consideration, was happily blended with a high and correct sense of personal dignity, and with a just consciousness of that respect which is due to station. Without exertion, he could maintain the happy medium between that arrogance which wounds, and that facility which



THE BIRTH PLACE OF WASHINGTON.

a clear, vigorous and well-poised intellect.

Pure, and widely disseminated as is the fame of this great and good man, it is yet in its infancy. It is every day taking deeper root in the hearts of his countrymen, and the estimation of strangers, and spreading its branches wider and wider, to the air and the skies. He is already become the saint of liberty, which has gathered new honors by being associated with his name; and when men aspire to free a nation, they must take him for their model. It is, then, not without ample reason that the suffrages of mankind have combined to place Washington at the head of his race. If we estimate him by the examples recorded in history, he stands without a parallel in the virtues he exhibited, and the vast, unprecedented consequences resulting from their exercise. The whole world was the theatre of his actions, and all mankind are destined to partake sooner or later in their results. He is a hero of a new species; he had no model; will he have any imitators? Time, which bears the thousands and thousands of common cut-throats to the ocean of oblivion, only adds new lustre to his fame, new force to his example, and new strength to the reverential affection of all good men. What a glorious fame is his, to be acquired without guilt, and enjoyed without envy; to be cherished by millions living, hundreds of millions yet unborn! Let the children of my country prove themselves worthy of his virtues, his labors, and his sacrifices, by reverencing his name and imitating his piety, integrity, industry, fortitude, patience, forbearance and patriotism. So shall they become fitted to enjoy the blessings of freedom and the bounties of heaven.

BY JOHN MARSHALL.

In the sober language of reality, without attempting to deck a figure with ornaments or with qualities borrowed from the imagination, a person who has had some opportunity to observe him while living, and who since his decease has

company reserve when carried to an extreme; and on all proper occasions, he could relax sufficiently to show how highly he was gratified by the charms of conversation, and the pleasures of society. His person and whole deportment exhibited an unaffected and indescribable dignity, unmingled with haughtiness, of which all who approached him were sensible; and the attachment of those who possessed his friendship and enjoyed his intimacy, was ardent but always respectful.

His temper was humane, benevolent and conciliatory; but there was a quickness in his sensibility to any thing apparently offensive, which experience had taught him to watch and to correct.

In the management of his private affairs, he exhibited an exact yet liberal economy. His funds were not prodigally wasted on capricious and ill-examined schemes, nor refused to beneficial though costly improvements. They remained therefore competent to that expensive establishment which his reputation, added to a hospitable temper, had in some measure imposed upon him; and to those donations which real distress has a right to claim from opulence.

He made no pretensions to the vivacity which fascinates, or to that wit which dazzles, and frequently imposes on the understanding. More solid than brilliant, judgment rather than genius constituted the most prominent feature of his character.

As a military man, he was brave, enterprising and cautious. That magnanimity which has sought to strip him of all the higher qualities of a general, has conceded to him personal courage, and a firmness of resolution, which neither dangers nor difficulties could shake. But candor will allow him other great and valuable endowments. If his military course does not abound with splendid achievements, it exhibits a series of judicious measures adapted to circumstances, which probably saved his country.

Placed, without having studied the theory, or been taught in the school of experience, the practice of war, at the

numbers, in the equipment, and in the discipline of his troops, it is evidence of real merit that no great or decisive advantages were ever obtained over him, and that the opportunity to strike an important blow never passed away unused. He has been termed the American Fabius; but those who compare his actions with his means, will perceive at least as much of Marcellus as of Fabius in his character. He could not have been more enterprising without endangering the cause he defended, nor have put more to hazard, without incurring justly the imputation of rashness. Not relying upon those chances which sometimes give a favorable issue to attempts apparently desperate, his conduct was regulated by calculations made upon the capacities of his army, and the real situation of his country. When called a second time to command the armies of the United States, a change of circumstances had taken place, and he meditated a corresponding change of conduct. In modeling the army of 1798, he sought for men distinguished for their boldness of execution, not less than for their prudence in counsel, and contemplated a system of continued attack. "The enemy," said the general in his private letters, "must never be permitted to gain foothold on our shores."

In his civil administration, as in his military career, were exhibited ample and repeated proofs of that practical good sense, of that sound judgment which is perhaps the most rare, and is certainly the most valuable quality of the human mind. Devoting himself to the duties of his station, and pursuing no object distinct from the public good, he was accustomed to contemplate at a distance those critical situations in which the United States might probably be placed; and to digest, before the occasion required action, the line of conduct which it would be proper to observe. Taught to distrust first impression, he sought to acquire all the information which was attainable, and to hear, without prejudice, all the reasons which could be urged for or against a particular measure. His own judgment was

allows the office to be degraded in the person who fills it.

It is impossible to contemplate the great events which have occurred in the United States under the auspices of Washington, without ascribing them, in some measure, to him. If we ask the causes of the prosperous issue of a war, against the successful termination of which there were so many probabilities of the good which was produced, and the ill which was avoided during an administration fated to contend with the strongest prejudices that a combination of circumstances and of passions could produce? of the confidence which, to the last moment of his life, they reposed in him? the answer, so far as these causes may be found in his character, will furnish a lesson well meriting the attention of those who are candidates for political fame.

Endowed by nature with a sound judgment, and an accurate discriminating mind, he feared not that laborious attention which made him perfectly master of those subjects, in all their relations, on which he was to decide: and this essential quality was guided by an unvarying sense of moral right, which would tolerate the employment only of those means that would bear the most rigid examination; by a fairness of intention which neither sought nor required disguise; and by a purity of virtue which was not only untainted, but unsuspected.

Stories from the Bible.

WRITTEN FOR THE TIMES.

BY PAUL RIVINWOOD.

It is not my purpose to enter into any argument, or to discuss in any manner the several theories relating to the creation of the world. The world itself must cause in every thinking mind a train of thoughts grand and soul-stirring.

"Creation is a book which the nicest philosophers may study with the deepest attention." Unlike the works of art the more it is examined the greater admiration do we feel for its Author. Says one, here the Christian is led into the most delightful fields of contemplation, to him every pebble becomes a preacher, and every atom a step by which he ascends to his Maker, placed in this beautiful temple, and looking around on all its natural grandeur he cannot help joining with the Psalmist in saying,

"O Lord, how manifold are thy works; in wisdom hast thou made them all!"

What a thought!—when we contemplate the first dawn of light which shed its mellow beauty upon this now exciting and corrupt world, springing from chaos by the will of our eternal Father into all its perfect parts.

First the heavens and the earth were formed, and "darkness was over the face of the earth."

"All dead and silent was the earth,
In deepest night it lay,
The Eternal spoke Creation's word,
And called to being Day.
It streamed from on high,
All reddening and bright,
And angel's songs welcom'd
The new-born light.

Again He said, "Let there be light, and there was light." He divided the light from the darkness, next was formed the water, which He termed seas, the mountains, the valleys, plains, deserts, air, sun, moon and stars."

"God spoke: the hills and plains put on
Their robe of freshest green;
Dark forests in the valley's wave,
And budding trees are seen.
The word of his breath
Clothes the forest with leaves,
The high gift of beauty
The spring-tide receives."

The water yielded abundantly of moving creatures that hath life, also the earth of fowls, cattle and of every creeping thing, and God blessed them, saying,

"Be fruitful and multiply!"

To complete His great design, He made man after his own image—soon causing a deep sleep to fall on him, from one of his ribs made He unto him a female—when Adam awoke and saw what God had done, he said, "This is now bone of my bone, and flesh of my flesh—she shall be called woman because she was taken out of man."

"And now Creation's work was ended,
Man raised his head, he spoke:
The day of rest by God ordained,
The Sabbath morning broke."

What a supremely hallowed day it must have been—a day when the Author of our being rested from his labors and viewed the most perfect work ever known to man—a work so great and lasting, that all the powers of human skill cannot destroy one single atom—but at His will in the twinkling of an eye shall it pass away!

How beautiful must the garden of Eden have appeared rich with the choicest gift from Nature's wealth, fresh in its just commencing life without a single fault to mar its sublimity. We may presume it to have been the earth in miniature, and to have contained specimens of natural productions without a blemish—fruits,

flowers, in all their rich and varied elegance, scattered over plain and valley. Birds of all descriptions in their brilliant-feathered dress, reposing amid the thick foliage of the trees, warbling continually in one universal choir praises to their Creator blended with the solemn bass of the ocean's swell; animals of all kinds, tame and peaceful, laying here and there, charmed, as they must have been, by the overpowering yet harmonizing voice of these forest worshippers.

Add to this Adam and Eve in their perfect innocence, they whom God had ordained rulers over all—they who were as truly beautiful in look and form as ever any being can be or have been, and the scene is complete. That holy day was a heaven truly on earth of which no mortal living can conceive, but all may view its like again, if they live up to the golden rule of life, in eternity!

Would that I might leave off here—in the very purity of my theme—here where all is so bright and radiant with no cloud to dim its former glory!

Ah! how many before have wished to stop at this point, yet like myself—are obliged to hasten on, only resting for a few seconds, amid the peaceful scene which their imagination has been permitted to enjoy—like a dream it seems, as we proceed with *humanities' history*.

The fall of man—how we linger over this sentence, what powerful and strange thoughts flit through the mind—when we think for the sin of one being, all the race of mankind has, and must ever, on earth, suffer. We may suppose it was shortly after the first Sabbath that Eve was persuaded by the serpent to taste of the Tree of Life, and no sooner was this act committed, and she gave a part unto Adam, and by tasting he committed the *unpardonable sin*. Ah! that one sin! in a moment ruined his peace of mind, he knew all was lost, and soon must he depart from this Eden of bliss far from the sight of his Eternal Father. When they heard His voice as He was walking in the garden in the cool of the day, with that guilt which has ever marked fallen man, they departed from Him with a hope that He would not know of their awful sin. But soon the Lord God called unto Adam, and said,

"Where art thou?"

Adam replied, "I heard thy voice in the garden, and I was afraid because I was naked."

And God said, "Who told thee thou wert naked? Hast thou eaten of the Tree whereof I commanded thee that thou shouldst not eat?"

To which Adam said, pointing at the woman who had fallen on her knees, "The woman whom thou gavest to be with me, she gave me of the Tree, and I did eat."

Then spoke the Eternal One unto the woman, "What is it that thou hast done?" And Eve replied, "The serpent beguiled me, and I did eat."

Then said God unto her, "I will greatly multiply thy sorrow!" And to Adam he spoke, "Because thou hast hearkened unto the voice of thy wife, and hast eaten of the tree which I commanded thee, saying, 'Thou shalt not eat of it: cursed is the ground for thy sake; in sorrow shalt thou eat of it all the days of thy life: thorns also and thistles shall it bring forth to thee, and thou shalt eat the herb of the field. In the sweat of thy face shalt thou eat bread, till thou return unto the ground; for out of it wast thou taken: for dust thou art, and unto dust shalt thou return.'"

And they departed from the garden. At the just judgment of God, what must have been the horrible feelings of Adam? The integrity of his mind was violated, the first compliance with sin opened the way to far greater temptations, his spotless purity became impure, his perfect uprightness became deformed.

So has the world increased in sin, from Adam's career man has become an object which must feel pain and ills both in mind and body, ever committing some sin, ever acting contrary to the strict laws of God. Yet man has a Redeemer, God in his gracious providence has condescended a means for us to gain eternal life! I need only to point to Him who, 1800 years ago, saw the dawn of this world's light from a manger, who lived during His youth with his mother Mary, a woman scarcely known out of Bethlehem, but now remembered by all Christians for her love and faith in Him. He who trod the chief ways and by-ways of Judea, whose miracles and teachings have been handed to posterity as the choicest gift to man.

He who, on the cross of Calvary, suffered an ignominious death for all mortals, and who a short period after ascended to that land where peace and joy reigneth now and for ever!

If by the first Adam we are doomed to suffer here, so by the second Adam—(Christ Jesus)—shall we be saved hereafter.

GEN. HOUSTON A CANDIDATE FOR GOVERNOR.—A letter from Texas states that Gen. Sam. Houston is the candidate for Governor in that State of the independent or anti-convention democrats in opposition to Gov. Rannels, the candidate of the convention democrats.

Letters from Julia Southall.

CORRESPONDENCE OF THE TIMES.

UMBRA, April, 29th, 1859.

Dear Times:—As Florence and I sat alone in the pleasant vine-covered portico yesterday, I turned to her abruptly, saying:

"Floy, do you know any legend connected with the portrait we were looking at to-day?"

"Yes," she replied, "and a very interesting one, as I think. With a little extra smoothing and fitting, I've made a thrilling romance of it."

"Let me hear it now," I said, answering her smile. "In the twilight you seem to grow inspired, and I am like a child in my love for story-telling."

"Judge leniently of my romance," she smiled and began:

Upon the morning of a fresh summer's day, three young girls—mere children, for they were not more than thirteen at the most—walked quietly down the mountain road yonder, toward the little lake. This was long ago and the road was not graded then as now, but was a steep and dangerous path.

These three, however, were lithe and agile as kittens, and cared as little for the roughness of the way. They were all unlike in form and features. One, the tallest of the group, was a noble looking girl, walking proudly erect, her wealth of black curls blown back from the beautiful face, "bright with intelligence," but softened by a nameless sweetness of expression that subdued the brilliancy of her large black eyes and settled pleasantly about the small proud mouth. She supported with one arm a delicate girl who rested affectionately upon her shoulder, not so much from weakness as from love, laughing merrily as the dark beauty conversed with her, and forming a beautiful contrast to her companion, with her dark blue eye, golden, floss-like tresses, and delicate skin. The other child was totally different. No beauty was there in her little angular form, nor in the face, with its broad high brow, almost concealed by straggling locks of jet black hair, the large full lips and sun browned skin. There was beauty, though, in her eyes. Almost glistening in their brightness, and of the lightest possible grey, shaded by brows and lashes of inky blackness, they gave a weird beauty of expression to her face, with its elfish humor and dry sarcasm unusual for one so young. They paused upon the margin of the lake, and the tallest spoke:

"How strange it is, dear Claire, that I, Mercella Cardoza, the little flower girl of New York, should be so happy and feel so different! And only three short years have passed since your darling mother took me to your home. Oh, Claire, you can never know the depth of my love and gratitude to you all."

"Dear Ella, you have more than recompensed us all. Do you not see how we love you, and that we could not live without you? Besides you are our cousin, though we never saw your mother, and our father loves you as his own children. How often he speaks of his sister Claire. You should not feel as if you were a dependent. The same blood that makes our hearts beat, flows also through your veins."

"Still, Claire, it is strange. I cannot realize that I am always to be happy and protected as now," said Marcella.

"I know something stranger than that," interrupted Zillah. "We were all born on the same day of the same month, and we'll all be fourteen next Friday."

"Is it so near?" said Zillah's twin-sister Claire. "I did not think it was so late in June."

"Aunt will give us a little tea-party, she says, and oh, won't we have such a nice time. Oh, that the twenty-second of June were here!" rejoined Marcella.

"Meantime," said Claire, "let us enjoy ourselves as best we may. I am fond of walking in the woods."

"And I too," replied Marcella. "See here, Zillah, here's a foot-path I never saw before. Whither does it lead?"

"That's more than I know, but I mean to see!" cried Zillah, bounding up the path, followed by the others.

They struggled on with great difficulty until they reached the brow of the hill cliff, up which they were toiling. Here was an old tumbled down hut, all covered and matted over with ivy, wild and desolate looking as the scenery around it. There was a small door, almost concealed by trailing vines, but no sound or sight of any human being near. There was a solemn hush and dead silence in the air that awed Claire and Ella into silence.

"Well, as I live, and breathe and have the breath of life," exclaimed Zillah, "we are in front of the famous Sibyl's Cell!"

"What's that?" asked Marcella, fearing almost the sound of her own voice.

Claire paled and shuddered.

"Why," said Zillah, "there's an awful tale about a murder being done here, and the murdered man buried under this hut, which, they say, extends back into the cliff, like a cave. A gang of gipsies used to prowl around the neighborhood, and an old woman used to live here whom they called a witch, and who told fortunes, stole bad children, killed people, and raised Old Nick, generally. They say she still lives here, and never gets any older, but she don't seem to be at home, now. I'll knock, and see."

"Oh! no, no! Don't!" cried both girls, in a breath, and clinging together.

"Mother ancient! mother dread, Dweller of the Fiftal—Heed,—"

began Zillah.

"Oh! Zillah, don't! It is wicked!" said Claire.

Laughing wickedly Zillah ran to the door and beat upon it with her clenched hand till she started a flock of bats and an old owl, who had built their nests in the ivy. There was no reply.

"Oh! Zillah, come away!" pleaded Ella.

Zillah took up a large stone and pounded away until the loud echoes woke a mong the cliffs, and the hut shook and trembled. Suddenly, while she was yet knocking, the door flew widely open, and the tall form of a woman stood fully revealed in the space. A sweeping robe of raven black covered her gaunt figure, and a heavy black turban was bound round her head. Her face was ghastly pale, lit up by the black, burning eyes that glowed like live coals, stern, death-like, forbidding; but her voice was low and singularly sweet, as she said:

"Welcome, young maidens, to the Sibyl's cell; and stood aside to let them enter.

"How is your health to-day, Mother Endor?" asked Zillah, accepting at once the invitation to enter.

The sibyl made no reply, but motioned the others to advance. They did so, pa and trembling. The room was very dark, and they followed the sibyl into the inner chamber, or cave. A long black curtain swung heavily over the mouth of this cavern, trailing upon the floor, which was honey-combed with time and decay. The sibyl swept this aside, and a flood of light broke upon them. Whence proceeded this radiance they knew not, but a strong current of air swayed the crimson drapery on the walls, and they inhaled the perfume of oranges and tropical flowers. In the centre of the room stood a large, oval table, of some hard, jetty substance that glistened in the light, and upon it lay a huge volume fastened with three clasps, one gold, one silver, and one iron. The sibyl motioned Marcella to the table.

"See which of these clasps thou canst undo," she said.

The silver one alone could be moved. The sibyl signed for Claire to approach. She undid the golden clasp.

"The iron one is left for thee," said the sibyl. "See if thou canst move it."

"I should think so!" said Zillah, jerking it open.

"Open the volume," said the sibyl Zillah did so.

"Write," said the sibyl, giving her a golden pen.

"What shall I write?"

"Claire Sutherland's name. What seest thou?"

Zillah read from the page before her:

Seest thou not yon red tree stooping,
Faded, now, and pale;
With its creamy roses, drooping,
Scattered by the gale?
Seest that tender woodbine, lying
You from its supporting tree?
All its scarlet blossoms dying—
These are emblems meet for thee.

Claire shuddered, and bent her graceful head till the daws-bright tresses shaded her face.

"Write," said the sibyl.

"What now?" said Zillah.

"The name of Marcella Cardoza. What seest thou?"

"Whew! Here's a go!" laughed Zillah and read as before:

And thou art beautiful! The glorious dower
That Nature gave thee, yet shall make thee great;
And thou wilt walk, in conscious pride and power,
Through rooms of royal wealth and halls of state;
But while o'er all, thou, like a Queen, art reigning,
In halls where all is brightly fair and gay,
In thy dark soul will throb a ceaseless pain,
And naught shall take that bitter woe away.
Away, false girl! not ask of me
The end of thy dark destiny!

White, erect, and motionless, stood Marcella, her black eyes flashing, her red lip curling with scorn.

"When I merit that prediction I shall not repine at the secret woe!" she exclaimed. "Do you take me for a savage?"

"Is thy servant a dog, that he should do this thing?" Yet Hazael slew his master, said the sibyl, fixing her burning orbs upon Marcella's face, till she dropped them, pale and shuddering. The sibyl turned to Zillah. "Write."

"What shall I write?"

"Your own name. What seest thou?"

"I see nothing," answered Zillah; "because I don't intend to look, till you promise that my future fate shall be considered better than Claire's and Ella's. I

shant be scared out of my seven senses, I tell you!"

"Write," said the sibyl, sternly, her dark eyes flashing upon the perverse imp, who looked her steadily in the face.

"Write!"

"See here, now, granny, I shant do anything but what I like, and if you don't promise me a good destiny I won't see any!" said Zillah.

"Girl!" said the Sibyl, in a deep, solemn tone, "you hold the Book of Fate open before you. Do you not fear?"

"Fear! fear," repeated Zillah. "Well, I should like to know! Look here, do you really suppose you can scare me with your cane, and light and 'Book of Fate' forsooth! No, indeed, mother, I'm not a coward as that would come to! I ain't a bit afraid of you, with your black looks and beathenish head-dress, which, by the way, gives you a strong resemblance to the Witch of Endor!"

"Write!" broke the sibyl, impatiently.

"I shant do any such thing!" said Zillah.

"You need not fear. Your fate will not be bad. Fear not."

"I tell you, Madam Sibyl, I'm not afraid!"

"Write, then."

"I have written."

"What seest thou?"

Zillah read again from the volume, but this time in prose:

"Thine eyes shall be darkened, and thy heart made sick. A blight shall come upon the flower, and it shall die, but the evergreen withereth not at the frosts of winter. The timid dove shall fall asleep with its head beneath its wing, but the mountain eagle breasts the tempest. Her home is among the clouds. The halcyon feareth not the waters, and thy heart feareth not the tears of grief. Thou art a star among the nations; thy light shall be renewed. Who can find a virtuous woman? Her price is far above rubies."

"Who in this world, or in the other one, either, can understand this!" exclaimed Zillah. "And why was't mine in verse, too? Dear me! I can beat that, by a long shot! Just you listen, now. Its from one of the best authors:

"Amid future smiles before her,
Her heart will beat for fame,
And she will learn to breathe with love
The music of a name,
Write on!"

"Silence!" commanded the sibyl. "Thy fate is good. Thy price is far above rubies."

"I should suppose it was, granny!" laughed Zillah.

"I like your spirit, Ruby," said the sibyl. She took a small ruby cross from her bosom, and suspended it from Zillah's neck with a chain made of deep, black hair.

"Keep the cross, Ruby, it will serve as a talisman. Go hence in peace.—When thou needest a friend remember Miriam."

The three girls went out into the open air again, the door closed with a sudden clang, and they stood alone before the ruined hut with its thick matting of ivy.

"How like a dream," said Marcella. Claire bent her bright head, and they went, Zillah singing gaily, the others sadly, homeward.

The hour for supper having arrived, Florence left off telling the story till another time, and I must leave off, too, till next week. Respectfully,
JULIA SOUTHALL.

FILIBUSTER SPLIT.—It has been expected for some time that Gen. Hennessey and his friends would not continue their connexion with the existing company.—It is, therefore, without surprise that we find this announcement—

AUGUSTA, (Ga.) April 27th.—Gen. Hennessey publishes a card in the *Constitutionalist* of this morning, saying that he and Judge Evans' friends have withdrawn from the Arizona, Mexican and Central American Emigration Association but have formed an association, called the Hennessey Arizona Association, with similar objects and terms. It is joined by nearly all the members, friends and agents of the former throughout the United States, including those in New York city. They are proceeding with their projects without interruption. The emigrants are to rendezvous at Powderhorn, Texas, in July. Companies are forming in Georgia.

FOUND GUILTY.—Thomas Smithson, Jr. aged 22, has been convicted at Pittsburg, of shooting and attempting to kill Miss Eleanor Henry, aged 17. Smithson had been paying attentions to Miss Henry, a beautiful girl and because she avoided his company, visited her mother's residence, and shot her, inflicting a very dangerous wound.

Great alarm exists in Henry county, Ala., also in Clay and Early counties in Georgia on account of several cases of small pox. The disease is supposed to have originated from some clothes brought from New York.

Times' Correspondence.

CORRESPONDENCE OF THE TIMES.

WASHINGTON, April 29th, 1859.

The Long Trial Over—Serenade to Counsel—The New Mexican Minister—Municipal Election—Important Political News—Weather, &c.

The closing of the Sickles case, with the verdict of acquittal, has been the great event of the week here. The popular approval of the result is unmistakable. On the night of Tuesday last, the counsel for the defence, Messrs. Brady, Graham, Stanton and Phillips, were serenaded by an immense throng of from two to three thousand persons, headed by the Marine Band. A number of eloquent speeches were delivered.

Senor Mata, the new Mexican Minister, was presented to Mr. Buchanan yesterday. The President, after welcoming the Minister, assured him of the deep interest which the civil war that has distracted Mexico since January, 1858, has excited in this country, and that the sympathies of this Government and people have been, from the beginning, enlisted in favor of the cause of constitutional liberty.

The municipal election, which is to come off here in June, begins to excite public attention, and the friends of the several candidates are busy urging their claims to the nomination.

It is said that the breach between the Douglas and Administration Democrats is rapidly being filled up, and that a thorough reconciliation between them will shortly be effected on terms satisfactory to both.

The continued rains for a long time past have made the weather here very gloomy, but before this reaches you the time for April showers will have passed, and we may hope for a sunshine befitting the genial season of May flowers.

CORRESPONDENCE OF THE TIMES.

LITTLE ROCK, ARK., April 13th 1859.

Dear "Times":—I have seen some of "the times" (to use a common expression) since I last saw "The Times" of the "Old North State." From the submerged city of Napoleon, at which place I wrote you a few lines, I ascended the river Arkansas in the steamer Ark., through the county of Arkansas, and arrived at this place, the city of Arkansas, on the evening of the 10th inst. I have since that time gratified my curiosity, and to-morrow will continue my journey still farther towards the setting sun. I am not pursuing the route, which I proposed to follow, before leaving the "Old Dominion," but will promise to give you notice in due time, when I reach the terminus of my journey according to my present plan.

This State, it will be remembered, has been in the Union twenty-three years.—If I mistake not this city was laid out many years before, but the *showiness* of its growth is almost without parallel in the United States.

It now has about three thousand inhabitants. There are at present two houses and a paint shop in process of erection; also a college building. By making a little calculation based upon the fact that two dwellings may be erected in twelve months, notwithstanding another fact—that the place is considerably extremely unhealthy—we arrive at the satisfactory conclusion that by the year A. D. 3000, Little Rock will have about 4000 inhabitants *more or less*—counting the darkies.

The Capitol is a plainly built square brick building with two wings. In one of which is held the Federal Courts and in the other the State Courts and also the County Courts for Pulaski County.

The plaster has fallen from the gables leaving the lathing exposed to view.—The building is not only in want of repair but sadly in want of cleaning. The House of Representatives looks more like the play house of very dirty children than a hall of legislation. It may have been swept since A. D. 1850, but there is no evidence of the fact.

The Senate looks no better in proportion to its size, but being smaller, it won't contain quite as much filth.

This is the most rural looking place I have ever seen. The principal dwellings are almost hidden from the view of passers by the trees and shrubbery that surround them. In this respect the residents have shown good taste. Upon three streets there are brick-paved sidewalks for a limited distance and this comprises about all the paving of the city. The rest of the streets resemble country roads in every respect, and seem as little used.

The land along the Arkansas is rich, and valuable for the production of cotton, but it is necessarily unhealthy.

Pulaski county is considered one of the healthiest in the state, and yet the planters complain that their families are never without a sick member.

One told me that his tax by the Doctors amounted to \$600 per annum and

it takes all the profits of his cotton crop to meet expenses of that kind.

If the greater part of the forests were cleared away at once, and the swamp properly drained there would of course soon be a change for the better.

I am heartily tired of looking upon a landscape in which the variety consists of trees, swamps and level fields, and long to see some hills and valleys and mountains, and get a drink of pure spring water gushing freely from the earth. I am heartily sick of the dirty muddy river water and find as little pleasure in drinking the well water found here. The spring water, filtered slowly through decaying vegetable mould is so different from that which gushes fresh from among the rocks of my native county that I never drink it without remarking the difference.

No wonder that every man you meet here "practices at the bar." The less water they mix with their whiskey the better for them, I suppose.

But I am saying more than I intended. Yours, truly, "PROF."

CORRESPONDENCE OF THE TIMES.

NEW YORK, April 26, 1859.

The Sickles Farce—Good Friday—Old Fellows Celebration—"Niggers" in New-York—The Weather—Imports—New-York Philadelphia—Morphy—Pheelan—Dr. Milburn—Brooklyn Water Celebration.

The Sickles tragedy and farce ended to-day, as generally expected, by his acquittal. He has escaped the gallows for an act that has hung many better men; and with no sort of sympathy for Key, I would prefer his resting place to that of him who is still the subject of passion, of dishonor severed from all that made life most dear; augmenting an insult by injury and blood; which a life like his will never atone for; treading through the filthy fevers of life with shame and dishonor lurking on one side, and the blood and ghost of a treacherous friend on the other; pyramids of doubts and troubles before, and mountains of guilt and sin behind, which neither friends, sympathy, plaudits, courts nor jurors, can efface. The grand effort from the first was to blacken the character of the unfortunate woman, and manufacture sympathy for the man. It succeeded; but a violated law is still unsatisfied. The Hon. Mr. Sickles deliberately shoots a fellow being as he would a mad dog; walks to his house, arranges his papers, his toilet, asks his friends "to take a drink!" orders a carriage, takes a seat with one or two other Hon. gentlemen, like Mr. Butterworth, for instance, drives up to the prison, alights, and retires to his room! A poor man would have been dragged by two or more policemen! But enough; "sufficient for the day" &c.

"Good Friday" was generally observed by Episcopalians and Catholics; though so far as the weather was concerned, it was not very "good," being much like a young chicken, a *little foul*!

The Odd Fellows had a grand celebration here to-day, the 26th, and a vast concourse filled the streets during the day; at night a grand soiree takes place at the Academy of Music, being the 40th anniversary of that large and growing fraternity of *masculines*.

Of the 1,000 negroes in New-York, 45 are professional men; 160 whitewashers; 48 barbers, etc. and one ventriloquist; of the whole number 300 are invalids, supported by the city, at a yearly expense of \$12,000.

Your readers will be surprised to learn that the willows here are just beginning to "green," and that our forests are still dark, black and dreary, and that no genial suns have yet greeted us.

Our importations amount to six millions a week! Rum, Brandy, Gin, Wines and Segars amount to \$250,000 of the amount; Silks to \$483,000, etc.—a fast people. New-York imported more goods in four days last week, than did Philadelphia in four months.

Morphy and Pheelan are now the great men of the day. A splendid silver set of all manner of sporting emblems, is prepared for the former upon his return.—The rat and dog fighters will have to "back down."

Dr. Milburn, the blind preacher, charmed and thrilled an immense audience, at the Academy of Music, on Sunday evening last.

The Brooklyn people celebrate to-morrow in great pomp and splendor, the introduction of water into that city. Processions, music, cannon, fire-works, speeches, songs, &c. &c. are to enliven the day and evening. The event adds immensely to the population and value of real estate in that city, as thousands have been kept away for want of water conveniences.

April 26. Yours, E.

DEATH OF BISHOP DOANE.—Right Rev. George Washington Doane, Bishop of the Protestant Episcopal church in the diocese of New Jersey, died at his residence, Riverside, Burlington, on Wednesday last, 27th. His illness, which began with a violent rheumatic affection, subsequently assumed a typhoid character.

CORRESPONDENCE OF THE TIMES.

RALEIGH, N. C. May 2nd, '59.

The Mount Vernon Fund—May Day and its Festivities—The Two Banks—Personal—Obituary.

Dear Times:—The success of the Mount Vernon Association is a most flattering testimonial to the regard in which the sex is held throughout our Country; all other plans, laid by hands of wisest skill, had completely failed in their aim; Legislatures and Congresses had in vain been appealed to; the sacred resting place of Washington the spot whence issued the most thrilling appeals to hearts else lost to or forgetful of, their love for this Union, was about to become the prey of sordid speculators and would soon have been exhibited to gaping crowds at a quarter a head, when Woman, always our last resort in the hour of extremest peril, came to the rescue. Like Roderic Dhu of old, they had but to give the signal, and a thousand warriors, unseen and unknown hitherto, stand forth in serried ranks armed and equipped for battle. As a proof of their success we are glad to learn from the report of the Regent the following interesting particulars, showing the near approach of their patriotic plan to completion; in the short space of four weeks, the Treasurer has paid over to Mr. Washington the sum of \$62,000, closing the payment of third instalment, due February 22nd '61; thus the Association has paid \$158,333, of the \$200,000 required to secure the title to Mount Vernon; of which \$150,000 has been paid in a little more than three months. The last instalment of some \$42,000, with interest, is due February 22nd, '62, who will dare assert that this small sum will not be raised even before that time.

To-day will be more extensively celebrated than many an occasion of greater moment; the young folks have been for some time busy in preparing for the long expected event examining the Almanac and consulting the weather-wise; many an unlucky fish will run to the end of his line to-day and many a one of the "bifurcated, genus man, will be ensnared by some fair angler. This has always been considered the "golden age" of the Poets and more genuine amatory and pastoral poetry has probably been written in and on this month, than all the others together. It is somewhat singular too, that while our country can certainly exhibit spring in more matchless beauty than any that the sun shines on, England so cold and damp and with such very few attractions, at this season, should ever have been so prolific in the "Poetry of the Seasons." The gradual forming of the bud, the swelling forth of leaf and flower with every accompaniment, which earth, water, air and sky can lend the picture are here seen, in their most glorious perfection; then often at the period of the greatest beauty comes a snow storm or a sleety shower encasing every flower and enclosing every leaf and stem in crystal gems. In England too, they have nothing that we could or would dignify with the name of *Autumn*, no Indian summer none of that grand illumination of all our hill-sides, the ever varying hues of our forests, nature's rejoicing over the completed labors and the gathered crops.

The Sunday school scholars attached to the different churches of the city, under the care and guidance of their pastors and teachers, are to have an excursion by Rail down to Frankinton, on Wednesday next; the small fry are expecting "a good time generally" and the elders of larger growth are to help them to enjoy themselves, which doubtless they will do with the greatest zeal; pious speeches and music figure conspicuously in the Programme.

The stock of the new Bank is being steadily taken up; the figures at the Treasurer's Office foot up \$37,000, besides \$100,000 subscribed by the University and half a million by the State and a large subscription is expected from New York. It is thought quite probable that there will be no occasion to extend the time for subscription, the requisite amount may already be taken. The first instalment will not be called for until the meeting of the Stockholders, when the mode and means of payment can be arranged satisfactorily to all parties. The present Institution is composedly preparing for its exit from the scene, reducing the amount of its discounts and loaning; at nine months, instead of twelve, as heretofore; it is not probable that any dividend of its capital will be paid until '60.

One of the most successful and distinguished of our Edgecombe farmers, John S. Dancy Esq. has concluded to remove to New York and enter into the Commission Business, he was one of the founders of the N. C. State Agricultural Society, one of the first Presidents and always by precept and example, one of the most active and influential members.

We have to chronicle a heavy loss to society in the death of Rev. Dr. Doane, P. E. Bishop of New Jersey. He was a man of great talent, energy and usefulness and as the founder and restorer of the two schools at Burlington, was well and widely known, and very much beloved; there is not one of his old scholars throughout the land that will not drop a tearful tribute to his memory. The Rev. Dr.

John, an eminent minister of the some Church, in Baltimore, has also recently died and Bishop Davis, of S. C., highly esteemed in your section, is in the extreme of debility and suffering. The venerable Dennis Hearty, of the Hillsboro Recorder, is lying dangerously ill and Col. R. O. Britton of Petersburg is in the same condition.

"When those we love are snatched away
By Death's resistless hand,
Our hearts the mournful tribute pay,
That Friendship must demand."

Yours &c., P. S. S.

WRITTEN FOR THE TIMES.

New York Literary Letters.

NUMBER ONE.

At present the Booksellers Trade Sale engrosses the attention of Publishers. It has been, according to good authority the most successful of any yet held and indicates a healthy reaction in business. This is an encouraging sign and argues well for the future. We quote from one of the City Dailies some of the items of Sale.

Among the noticeable items of this sale are the following: Mason Brothers, 250 Parton's Life of Aaron Burr, 400 Abbott's Empire of Austria, 600 Life of Baron Steuben, 300 Lossing's U. S. and 1,500 Webster's Dictionaries; G. and C. Merriam, over 1000 *etc.* Webster, J. B. Lippincott, & Co., entered more than 400 lots of their own publications, all of which were in good demand. They sold 250 of their New Dictionary of Quotations. Out of Wiley & Holsted's invoice, 400 Downing's Fruits and Fruit Trees and 100 London's Gardening, were disposed of. Little Brown & Co., sold about 2,000 vols. of the British Poets, and 500 of Bancroft's United States; Derby & Jackson, 1,500 vols. Charlotte Bronte, 2,000 Library of Popular Tales and Biography, 2,500 Library of Standard Fiction, of which last Evans & Co., the "Gift-book" sellers, bought 500 vols. Peterson sold 2,000 vols. of Dickens; Phillips, Sampson & Co., 4,000 vols. of Rollo books, 750 vols. of Prescott, 1,800 of Gibbon and Macaulay, and 350 of Egerton's Works; C. Desilver, 1,000 Pinnoke's Goldsmiths, 2,000 and 500 Frost's Spensers; Jasper Harding & Son made a splendid sale of Bibles, amounting to between \$9,000 and \$10,000,—their invoice consisted entirely of Bibles, including about 100 varieties; varying in price from 80 cents \$20; J. B. Smith & Co., sold 800 volumes Chamber's Information for the People, 500 copies of Todd's Johnson's and Walker's Dictionary revised by Worcester, and 789 of Byron; J. W. Bradley, 1,500 of Livingstone's Southern Africa, 485 Life of Dr. Kane, 2,400 copies of T. S. Arthur's works, 469 Barth's Africa, and 437 Ellis's Madagascar; C. M. Saxton, 700 Yonnet on the Horse, and 500 sets Mrs. Mary J. Holmes's works in 4 vols; Parry & McMillan, 100 sets Lord Bacon, 3 vols. 8vo., and 200 Albert Barre's works; Blanchard & Lea, made an excellent sale mainly of medical text books; A. O. More & Co., exclusively Agricultural book publishers, sold 150 of Downing's Landscape Gardening, and 684 of Dadds Horse and Cattle Doctor.

The new and just-completed Household Edition of the Wavey Novels, by Ticknor & Fields, went off to the extent of 3,000 volumes, and their various blue and gold editions in good quantities. Gould & Lincoln sold 878 volumes of Hugh Miller's Works, 900 Aimwell Stories, and 600 volumes Chamber's Works. Putney & Russell disposed of about 10,000 copies of the Prince of the House of David and the Pillar of Fire; of the former H. Day bought 5,000. Charles Scribner sold 1,400 of Timothy Titcomb's Letters. Bazin & Ellsworth 800 of Thompson's Greene Mountain Boys and 930 Mechanics' Own Book.

Among the lately published books in the above list, we notice Timothy Titcomb's Letters, and the Pillar of Fire.

The Pillar of Fire, published by Putney and Russell, No. 79 John St., is from the pen of Rev. J. H. Ingraham, author of the Prince of the House of David. Many of our readers may recollect this author as—some years ago—a prolific romance writer of note. Since he has assumed the surplice, but two books have appeared from his pen; the first named is the last published. It is an "account of the wonderful scenes in the life of (Moses) the son of Pharaoh's Daughter" and is supposed to be written or narrated in a series of letters from a Syrian Prince travelling in Egypt, to his Royal Mother, Queen of Tyre. The volume abounds in passages of highly wrought beauty and dramatic incident. We may speak more fully of this and its companion volumes, in a future letter.

DELLISSER AND PROCTER, a new and enterprising firm just established in our City have lately issued a new work by Victor Cousin, entitled "The Secret History of the Court of France under Richelieu and Mazarin." It has the endorsement of the Westminster Review as "possessing the interest of romance with the additional interest of throwing light on the State of Society in France during troublous times." This firm have also lately published Macaulay's Life of Pitt and Life of Frederick the Great. Also, a religious Novel entitled "Ballyshan Castle" a Tale founded on fact.

Messrs RUDD and CARLTON, No. 130 Grand St., announce as in Press a *New American Story*, entitled Border War; a tale of Disunion, by the Author of Wild Western Scenes. This house has of late risen into notice by the excellence of its issues and we may at some future letter more particularly refer to them.

Sheldon & Co., (late Sheldon, Blake-man & Co.) have lately published "The Life and Times of Carey, Marshman and Ward, including the history of the Se-

rampore Mission." The *New York Observer* in a critical notice of the volumes, says:

This book carries the reader over the most important and trying times of the great moral movement in the East; reviews the lives and labors of most eminent men who have contributed to its progress; and thus draws the picture of one of the great dramas in the world's history. It is to be studied with profound attention by the Christian philosopher, and the philanthropist while every Christian will peruse it with gratitude and joy. Infidelity may ignore or despise the work of missions, but here we have the proof of what has been done, and may be done to elevate mankind by the simple power of the Gospel of Jesus Christ. These volumes ought to be added to every religious library, and made familiar to the whole community.

Alice Cary's *Pictures of Country Life*, from the Press of Derby and Jackson have in them that womanly pathos which charms the mind and captivates the heart of the reader and many will recognize the truthfulness of these "few pictures," by their recalling others, earlier days, in which the strongly marked individualities and characteristics of Country homes and hearts, became fixed in memory by association with some one type of Country life and the habits that mark it so strongly from the more fastidious natures that luxuriate in cities and beneath the tropical air of the town.

"The Precious Stones of the Heavenly Foundations," is a volume just issued by Sheldon & Co. It is novel in conception and execution, and treats of the beauties, the glories and the beauties of the Heavenly Home as figured forth in the Book of Books. An appropriate signification is assigned to each of the twelve precious stones and each one is engraven with the name of one of the Apostles. A work of this character must be peculiarly acceptable to all those who have—and who has not?—a dear one in the skies. It can be had by mail—postage paid—by enclosing one dollar to Sheldon & Co., 115 Nassau St., New York. W. E. P.

GIVES HIMSELF UP.—The Mobile Tribune is informed by a gentleman from Pensacola that the master of the alleged slave bark E. H. Rawling, H. H. Haden, has given himself up to the authorities of that city.

Study to make every leisure hour useful.

GREENSBORO FEMALE COLLEGE COMMENCEMENT.—The Annual Sermon to the Senior Class will be delivered by Rev. L. L. Hendren of the N. C. Conference, on Wednesday, May 18th, at 11 o'clock, A. M.

Concert will commence at 8 o'clock, P. M. On Thursday, 19th, at 10 A. M. Hon. E. G. Reade of Roxboro, will address the two Literary Societies.

The Graduating Exercises will occupy the remainder of the day.

The Trustees will meet in their Session room on Tuesday afternoon, at 3 o'clock.

T. M. JONES, President.

16—4w.

LIBERALITY OF PHYSICIANS.

It has always been said that physicians would disparage any remedy, however valuable, which they did not originate themselves. This has been disproved by their liberal course towards Dr. J. C. Ayer's preparations. They have adopted them into general use in their practice, which shows a willingness to countenance articles that have intrinsic merits which deserve their attention. This does the learned profession great credit, and effectually contradicts the prevalent erroneous notion that their opposition to proprietary remedies is based in their interest to discard them. We have always had confidence in the honorable motives of our medical men, and are glad to find it sustained by the liberal welcome they accord to such remedies as Ayer's Cherry Pectoral and Cathartic Pills, even though they are not ordered in the books, but are made known to the people through the newspapers.—*New Orleans Delta*.

GREENSBORO FEMALE COLLEGE—GREENSBORO, NORTH CAROLINA—FACULTY.

Rev. T. M. Jones, A. M., President, and Professor of Natural Sciences and Belles-Lettres.

S. Lander, A. M., Professor of Ancient Languages and Mathematics.

Theo. F. Wolfe, Professor of Music.

W. C. A. Frerichs, Professor of Drawing, Painting, and French.

Mrs. Lucy Jones, } Assistants in Literary Department

Miss Bettie Carter, }

Miss E. E. Morphis, }

Miss A. M. Hagen, }

Miss L. C. Van Vleet, }

Miss M. A. Howlett, }

Miss Pattie Cole, }

Rev. J. Bethel, }

Mrs. J. Bethel, }

Miss M. Jeffreys, }

S. Lander, Treasurer of the College.

Terms per Session of Twenty-one Weeks.

Board, including furnished rooms, servants' attendance, washing, fuel, &c., (lights extra) \$50; Tuition, \$20; Incidental Tax, \$1; French, \$10; Latin or Greek, \$5; Oil Painting, \$20; other styles in proportion; Music on Piano, \$22.50; Music on Guitar, \$21; Graduation Fee \$5. The regular fees are to be paid one half in advance.

The Collegiate year begins on the last Thursday in July, and ends on the third Thursday in May.

The winter uniform is Mazarine blue merino, and straw bonnets trimmed with blue; summer, plain white jaconet. The uniform is worn only in public. Pupils are not allowed to make accounts in the stores, or elsewhere, under any circumstances whatever.

Patrons arriving in Greensboro' would do well to come immediately from the depot to the College.

For further information apply to the President. (11—1y)

THE TIMES.



GREENSBOROUGH, N. C.

SATURDAY, May 7, 1859.

C. C. COLE, }
J. W. ALBRIGHT. } Editors and Proprietors.

Contributors.

We present only a few names from the large number who contribute to THE TIMES:

E. W. CARUTHERS, D.D.,	GEO. W. COTHRAN,
WM. R. HENDER,	R. G. STAPLES,
J. STARR HOLLOWAY,	STEPHEN F. MILLER,
Mrs. L. B. SIGOURNEY,	Prof. E. F. ROCKWELL,
J. WOODRUFF LEWIS,	MATILDA C. SMILEY,
A. J. C. WHITLESS,	FANLEY JOHNSON,
MARY W. JANVIN,	LOTTIE LINWOOD,
WILLIE E. PAROB,	CLARA AUGUSTA,
INA CLAYTON,	A. PERRY SPERRY,
C. G. DIXON,	Mrs. D. VERNON,
ANNA M. BATES,	PAUL RIVINWOOD,
GRACE MILWOOD,	Mrs. O. W. LAYNE,
Mrs. L. M. HUTCHINSON,	Mrs. E. G. LOOMIS,
ED. ST. GEO. COOKE,	CHARLES E. W. DOBBS,
Wm. C. HUTCHINS,	H. A. DWIGHT,
GRIFFITH J. MORRIS,	J. C. FITZ GERALD,
and others.	and others.

Henry Wadsworth Longfellow.

Perhaps there has been no American writer, who has been more indiscriminately lauded, or more indiscriminately abused, than Longfellow. All, from the best reviewer down, or from the schoolboy, who can barely lisp

"Tell me not in mournful numbers,"

up, have been free to pronounce him a most unprincipled plagiarist, or the sweetest of poets. In the course of this paper, these points will be alluded to; suffice it to say, that he certainly has the greatest reputation of any American poet, judging from the rapid sales of his volumes as they are issued from the press; for the "Song of Hiawatha" reached a circulation of twenty thousand within three months after its publication, (being since republished in nearly all the European languages,) and his "Miles Standish and other poems" has already obtained an immense circulation.

Doubt it, who may, yet Longfellow is a poet. He has been styled as no genius, only a metrical man, so to speak, and at best an imitator, if not a plagiarist. Were he merely this, and this alone, then how comes it, that without genius or originality he has won his way upward, until he is ranked among the first poets of America? Is it because, there are so few American poets? Let the sonnets and songs of Bryant, Sprague, Hallock, Morris and others deny in their sweet melodies, the imputation. In the charming poem, entitled "Evangeline" is answered the charge of his not having poetical genius, for as Griswold expresses it, "in this he has admirably displayed not only his finest veins of sentiment, but an exquisite sensibility to the beauties of nature, and a nice observation of the changes wrought by the seasons in those latitudes near which he passed his youth."

However, we are not loath to admit, that a great deal is owing to his powers of versification, and his wonderful command of language. By command of language, we mean, not so much his knowledge of language in latitude, as his knowledge of language in depth. These are indeed, as might be styled, minor points in poetry, but nevertheless, they are well worthy of notice. In the music of poetry, perhaps no one that has ever written excels Longfellow. Moore was a song-writer, and he stands unequalled in that respect; but in his pieces of length he did not enfold music in his rhythm. On the other hand there is not a poem written by Longfellow, but has an easy and musical flow. Now although this is not an essential requirement in poetry, still it is a high recommendation, and beautiful adornment. How would Moore's Melodies sound deprived of their music? The sentiment frequently commonplace, frequently sentimental, would be exceedingly flat and insipid, without the aid of his elegant meter. For examples of this great "tact" as a certain author says concerning this subject, and beautiful examples they

are, we would refer the reader to "The Skeleton in Armor," "Footsteps of Angels," portions of the "Song of Hiawatha." He will pardon the introduction of the following stanza, as illustrative of this remark, from "The Skeleton in Armor":

Once as I told in glee
Tales of the stormy sea,
Soft eyes looked love on me
Burning, yet tender;
And, as the white stars shine
On the dark Norway pine,
On that dark heart of mine
Fell their soft splendor.

A writer in the "North American Review," January, 1844, speaking with regard to this poem, in an article in review of "The Poets and Poetry of America," says: "In what Mr. Griswold very truly calls one of his best poems, 'The Skeleton in Armor,' he (Longfellow) manages a difficult verse with great skill. There is much of the old Norse energy in this composition,—that rough, ravenous battle spirit, which, for a time, makes the reader's blood rush and tingle in warlike sympathy. But the manner in which the passions of the savage are modified by the sentiment of the lover, and the stout death-defying heart of the warrior yields to that gentle but irresistible power which conquers without arms and enslaves without fetters, constitutes the great charm of the poem."

But were the art of versification, if it might be so called, the only quality that adorns Longfellow's poetry, he might with reason be styled only a metrical man; but he has qualities which far surpass this. His command of language, his knowledge of its depth and meaning, his elegant and appropriate diction give the stamp to his poetry. His versification is highly commendable, not only for the melody, but also for the adaptiveness of the melody. His diction is highly commendable, not only for the beautiful verbiage, but also for the adaptiveness of the verbiage. And in both cases, he has not only given much study, bestowed much labor, or displayed much art, but he has likewise taken pains to conceal art with art, in fulfillment of the trite but true adage *Ars celare artem*. "Felicity, not fluency, of language is a merit," remarks one, and it is truly said. And it is in this that Longfellow especially excels.

A consideration that bears upon this is the music of language, and which gives poetry its beauty, if not its character.—The verse may be rolling, and the language expressive of sadness, or the verse may be slow and heavy, and the style lively and enlivening. Of course, such anomalies or incongruities would be entirely unpoetical. Again, the verse may be appropriate, but owing to clumsiness of language, there would be but little music. Longfellow, however, happily unites the two in such harmony, that to one merely reading there would be music, the sweetest music.

It has been remarked by some one that all real poetry can be set to music. This we seriously doubt. How could those fearfully grand passages of Milton's Paradise Lost, in which the great Archfiend rouses his hosts to battle, swears vengeance against his Conqueror, or bewails his unhappy condition, be chanted or sung? But there can be no doubt that there is such a thing as music in poetry, and that it adds a great charm.

But Longfellow not only is a musician in his verse, but a painter. Says the author before quoted: "Longfellow has a perfect command of that expression which results from restraining rather than cultivating fluency; and his manner is adapted to his theme. He rarely, if ever, mistakes emotions for conceptions. He selects with great delicacy and precision the exact phrase which best expresses or suggests his idea. He colors his style with the skill of a painter; and in compelling words to picture thought, he not only has the warm flush and bright tints of language at his command, but he arrests its evanescent hues. In the higher department of his art—that of so combining his words and images that they make music to the soul as well as to the ear, and convey not only his feelings and thoughts, but also the very tone and condition of the soul in which they have their being,—he has given exquisite examples in 'Maidenhood' and 'Endymion.'"

We now come to the crowning excellence of Longfellow's poetry, and not only of his, but of every one's, that is the thought. Beautiful as the verse may be,

beautiful as the style may be, yet without beauty of thought, there will be no beauty of poetry. For thought is the groundwork of learning, of language.—It is the immortal part of man, given him to distinguish him from the beasts of the field. It is limitless, it is eternal. It has soared into the regions of space far beyond mortality, the finite. It has assigned to the planets their orbits, to the sun his power. It has taken from the skies the bolt and given it a sphere not of grandeur or distinctiveness, but of labor. It has gone into the depths and carried with it the fire of heaven's altar, and made it the news-bearer of nations. It has given the ocean her paths, and to the winds their courses. Nor does it stop here. It has given light and freedom. It has scattered the blessings of education, with a plentiful hand. Nor can we assign a limit here. It is limitless, eternal.

The great characteristic of Longfellow is his tenderness of thought. He seldom writes in a grand Miltonic style, nor does he tell of the strange and wonderful as his ingenious contemporary, Edgar A. Poe, but his verse is, if it might be said, sweetly beautiful. He has, perhaps, more delicacy of feeling, more sympathy with the human soul, than any other American author. What can be more beautiful, more elegant either in artistic skill or in tenderness of sentiment than "Footsteps of Angels" or "Maidenhood"? How full of artistic (yet concealed art) simplicity is the little poem "The Village Blacksmith?" "Evangeline" has received its merited praise.

It has been sneeringly remarked of him, that each poem has a moral. The remark may be a sneer to some, but never does the moral intrude. In his poetry, there is not a stretch after morality. It appears, only as a natural consequence of a genius of his cast, and renders his poetry more intensely beautiful. Such pieces are his "Rainy Day," "Light of Stars," or "Beleaguered City." That property of addressing the spiritual nature, through the imagination, is one which characterizes his writings and adds additional interest. Being himself prone to idealism we are not surprised at this spirituality. But his is not like the common realm of spiritualism. He strives not for something above, something beyond the reach of us "poor humans," something unattainable. But what he strives for, he gains; and in every particular accomplishes his end.—"Like his own 'Village Blacksmith,' he retires every night with the feeling that something has been attempted and something done." And in his similes he carries out his figures most perfectly, as is happily illustrated in "The Beleaguered City."

The sensibilities addressed by Longfellow's poetry are of the most interesting and pleasant nature. Awakening sympathies and feelings too deep for utterance, oftentimes it carries us along or restrains us at will, pointing out the beauties of ideality and morality.

Perhaps the "Spanish Student" is one of his best poems; best, because it exhibits more fully and completely the different fields of genius and imagination, through which he has wandered with pleasure and profit, strewing the flowers he has plucked by the wayside. As a "Dramatic Poem" it cannot be considered successful in the least, but considered as a poem in the form of a dialogue it is entirely successful. Graceful, beautiful, even grand in many passages it sufficiently manifests the depth of his genius and fertility of imagination.

We regret that the proposed limits of this article prevent more particularities, as it would not only be pleasant and interesting but probably exceedingly instructive, too notice in detail the merits and faults of his poetry, especially of "The Song of Hiawatha" and "The Courtship of Miles Standish, and other poems." Nor is it possible to examine his Prose works. It may be proper here to give some brief sketch of his life. The following is abstracted from "The Poets and Poetry of America." In 1839 appeared his "Hyperion," having before published in the "United States Literary Gazette," while an undergraduate, some poetical effusions which brought him into immediate notice, and in the "North American Review" while professor in Brunswick, besides several other papers, a translation of "Coplas de Manrique," and "Oute

Mer, or a Pilgrimage beyond the Sea."—In 1848, appeared "Kavanagh" the last of his prose works. In 1845 he issued "The Poets and Poetry of Europe."—The first collection of his own poems was published in 1839 under the title of "Voices of the Night." His "Ballads and other Poems," in 1841; "The Spanish Student," a play in 1843; "Poems on Slavery," in 1844; "The Belfry of Bruges and other Poems," in 1845; "Evangeline, a tale of Acadie," in 1847; "The Seaside and Fireside," in 1849; "The Golden Legend," in 1851; "The Song of Hiawatha" in 1855; and "The Courtship of Miles Standish, and other Poems," in 1858. Longfellow is now Professor in Harvard University and is in his fifty-second year. But with all his excellences, it has been asserted that Longfellow is to some degree a plagiarist. For want of room, however, we will defer until next week any criticism on this point.

The New Indefinite Pronoun.

A correspondent sends us the following, which we submit to the attention of grammarians:

Messrs. Editors:—In a late number of the Times are some queries from the N. C. Journal of Education, among which is the following:

"Can any one invent an indefinite pronoun in the singular number, neither masculine nor feminine?"

Would not *his* answer the purpose? It contains the consonant elements of both *he* and *she*, and might therefore be interpreted thus, *he or she*.

M. M. MOSER.

Collins' Paragraph Testament.

Having seen the announcement of the publication of this book, we have been impatiently waiting, until we could procure a copy; and now having obtained it, our highest expectations are realized. We have been so often deceived or disappointed with regard to publications of a similar character, among which we may class Sawyer's New Testament, that we are much rejoiced at the design of this work, and the successful completion of the design.

The book is published as other books are, in proper paragraphs, but not in chapters and verses, which so spoil the beauty and disarrange the continuity of the bible. It was the opinion of no less a theologian than Chalmers, no less a biblical student than Kitto, that the present common method of publication of the bible, detracted much from the interest in reading the Word of God. And we know that many of the divines of the present day have expressed the same opinion, and have labored faithfully and indefatigably to correct and improve. While, perhaps, every reader of the bible has regretted time and again that the good book should be so broken up and its natural arrangement so destroyed, in this edition, however, these obstacles are surmounted, these difficulties overcome.

We do not, by any means, advocate total abolition of the present bible—since it is absolutely needed in our houses of worship and in family devotion. But for private reading and for closer study, we know nothing more needful, nothing more agreeable than a bible of this kind.

To those, that agree with us in these remarks, we promise a rich feast in this book. And, in fact, since we have procured a copy of it, it is noticeable how much more interesting and easy (should it be a task) to read the bible. We recollect hearing a friend remark that before he knew it, he read several chapters, thinking that he had only read one.

And there is another thing to be taken into consideration. This edition presents to the uninterested and unconcerned, more attractions and inducements to the study of the testaments. On this account such laudable endeavors for the promotion of "pure and undefiled religion" should be encouraged.

The execution of the present work is commendable. Large, clear print, white paper and neat binding. The margin may be too small, and the number of each page too small, creating a rather disproportioned page; but on the whole it is the most acceptable Testament we ever saw. It is small octavo, 546 pp. Price, one dollar. Send for it, and we assure you, you will never regret it.

Our only regret is, that the whole bible is not so published. The address of the publishers is Collins & Brother, 82 Warren st., New York city.

And the Dreamer Dreamed a Dream.

Again I directed my attention to the bodies sleeping in the grove, and I saw a large bright spirit ascend towards the sky, much larger and brighter than any I had seen before. He increased in size as he went up, and at length approached the moon: and after hovering about that awhile I lost sight of him. I concluded that he was some great philosopher, who was investigating the nature and motions of the heavenly bodies, and had seized this opportunity to range about among the objects of his contemplation.

And while I was attending to him, as I thought, I arrived at a large building, and yet not a building exactly, nor can I compare it to anything on the earth. It seemed to be a realizing of Ovid's House of Fame, between the earth, sea and sky, and bordering on all of them; from which, as they tell us who ascend in balloons, not only could things on the surface of the earth be seen, but also at the bottom of seas and lakes. And not only so, but all the sounds made on the earth underneath, seemed to arise, and to be concentrated here, for the arch over head was shaped most like the inside of the human ear, and this though supported by pillars, was open, so as to afford easy ingress and egress on all sides. There was never silence inside nor yet very loud noise: but a kind of a low confused sound like the roar of distant thunder, or of the oars heard afar off. There was a feeble rattle coming and going all the time. A rumor no one could tell where from, would start in one part of the crowd, and as it passed on through, it became bigger and bigger, like a boy rolling up a snow ball, so that by the time it reached the other side of the vast hall, the original propagator could scarcely recognise his own progeny.

A shout of praise in connection with some name would be commenced on one side, and perhaps before it had passed through the immense throng, it would have been reversed at the starting point and converted into execrations and hisses.

And yet there were many, at the time, eager to enjoy a short-lived notoriety, and rejoiced to hear their names sounded out in the crowd; and generally the names of the worst men, were sounded louder than those of real merit.

SOMNUS.

A TWO-HEADED GIRL.—The Georgia papers speak of such a girl on exhibition in that State. The Calhoun Platform says:

This astonishing Girl, than whom a more wonderful freak of nature never existed, is to be exhibited in Calhoun on Saturday, April 30th. We are informed by those who have seen her, that she is quite pretty, though the style of each face is of an entirely different caste. Her limbs, of which she has a double number, are perfectly shaped and of equal size and use: her mental faculties are of an excellent order, and her organs of speech, though double, are used distinctly, or together, as the case may require, speaking on one subject with one or both mouths, or on two different topics with different persons at the same time. She is very healthy, active, and quite vivacious. She may very properly be styled the Wonder of Nineteen Centuries, for her like has never before been seen, and it is to the last degree improbable that this generation will witness her like again. The opportunity, therefore, of seeing her ought not to be sacrificed, but by all means go and see her say we.

A LOVER OF PEACE MARRYING A DUMB WIFE.—A man named Thomas Galt was married yesterday, by Justice Hanselman, to Sarah Jane Anderson, a mute. Some curiosity was excited from the fact of him marrying a woman who could not speak, and a constable asked him the cause of his doing so. Galt answered that he had had two wives already, and they gave him no rest by reason of their talking ceaselessly, and complaining and scolding from morning till night. Both had died, and now, as he was forty years old, and desirous of having a little peace for the remainder of his life, he had determined to select a dumb woman.

—Cin. Eng.

Set a value on the smallest morsels of knowledge. These fragments are the dust of diamonds.

WRITTEN FOR THE TIMES.
THE ROSE BESIDE THE SEA.

BY ANNA M. RAYNE.

A rose bud bloomed beside the sea,
Fair as in Orient clime,
I watched it ever tenderly,
For, oh, that Rose was mine:
A treasure in my heart to wear,
As bright as ought could be,
I tended it with jealous care—
My Rose beside the sea!

Alas! my Rose beside the sea,
Why didst thou hide a cruel thorn
To plant it in my trusting breast,
Even in Hope's gay dawn?
And why to-day do I thus stand
Beside the moaning sea?
Alas! 'tis plucked by stranger hand,
The Rose that bloomed for me!

The dewy Rose that bloomed for me
I tended it with earnest care,
Just in its richest loveliness
'Twas stolen from me there!
Go lister, unto splendor's halls,
If there a radiant woman be,
Remember it was her I called
My Rose beside the sea!

WRITTEN FOR THE TIMES.
The Fatal Step.

BY MABEL LANSING.

I have been sitting for a full hour thinking of the past. But what is the past? What is the present? Ah! the present is now while I strike my pen down thus; but that instant is forever gone into Eternity and is numbered with the past. Indeed, we may almost say there is no present so closely is the past interwoven with the dim mysterious future.

But to night I have been thinking of the long ago; when with a heart as light and free as the mountain air I roamed beside one of the proudest rivers in the Empire State. Ah! life was then a scene of uninterrupted pleasure. I knew no sorrow, and could but wonder why people were sad when earth was so strangely beautiful. Yes mine was a glorious day dream. Oh! I would that it had never passed.

The river by which I spent my childhood, flows through the finest portion of the state. In one place it winds through green meadows, and peaceful valleys, where the songs of the forest birds mingled with its perpetual murmuring make strange sweet music. Again it flows through dismal swamps and dark forests where branch entwining with branch as if to say we clasp one hand in brotherhood. At some places dark and sluggish at others clear and limpid it carries feelings both of pleasure and pain. In one place the cliffs on the bank rise almost to fearful height and suddenly as if hurried on by some mysterious power the water rushes over rocks which are so much higher than the bed below that a cascade so formed which though not fearfully sublime, is remarkably beautiful, and almost vested with the power to charm one into a quiet slumber by its soft hurling sound.

A few steps below the cascade there is a whirlpool which is so deep and rapid that it is utterly impossible to remove any thing that has been thrown into it.

It was a beautiful morning in early spring that a happy group might have been seen standing on the bank just below the cascade. Nature was clothed in her most glorious beauty. The very air was vocal with the music of forest songsters, and every heart seemed laden with sweet perfume. No wonder then that each heart beat joyously, and that a fair-haired maiden upon whose locks the sun-beam seemed to rest lovingly, almost shouted with delight as she sprang from knoll to knoll calling the fairest flowers of spring.

"Ah! my bride," said a gentleman who had been watching her attentively.

"Not yet," she answered with a ringing laugh at the same time pushing him playfully from her side. He slipped back not realizing how near he stood to the edge of the bank. The treacherous earth gave way and in an instant he fell into the foaming waters beneath. He struggled manfully for his life, but in vain. His strength was soon exhausted and the current bore him to the fatal pool. One more desperate struggle, one longing look towards the bank and he was drawn down into the deep, dark, mad waters.

And then a shriek rent the air so wild, so fearful, that through the stillness which surrounds me I almost hear it now.

With terror stricken hearts those that had witnessed the scene, saw that she, the young and joyous being who as it were but a moment before was all life and animation, stood still and pale. Not a tear dimmed her eye and in place of a wildness they looked strangely bright and beautiful. Her friends spoke to her but she answered not save with a calm smile, which was proof enough that her reason was not deranged. She seemed pierced to the spot, but when one that she had loved took her by the hand she moved passively as a child. No dared speak to her and they walked in almost breathless silence. Their first supposition proved true. Reason, life, hope and happiness were lost to the young girl. She seemed like one walking in a dream; unconscious of all around yet pursuing

some imagined object. She appeared to know nothing of outward life but to be conscious of a life within; for with a deep drawn sigh she would place her hand upon her heart, as if to say "my life is cold and dark and dreary."

Still her derangement was not a madness but rather a beautiful melancholy. She was so quiet, so gentle and still, so beautiful, never speaking of her great sorrow. But each day, rain or shine, mud or snow, she went to the fatal bank and there with clasped hands and eyes gazing vacantly around she would stay for hours.

In summer the choicest flowers grew where the lost one last stood; but they were cultivated with loving hands and watered with the tears of the broken hearted; for 'tis said that while watching them she wept, though at any other time since her sorrow, she had never been known to shed a tear.

A few bright summers past, and the young girl knew that she must die. With her wanted calmness she talked of death. She called her friends around her and one by one bade them farewell.

Suddenly a change seemed to come over her and she said:

"I feel so strangely—I am tired. I have slept too long, and such a dream." Then pausing a long time as if thinking she resumed. "Ah, I remember now it is all true; it was but yesterday. I feel that I am dying, but 'tis well." Then turning to her weeping friends, she said: "Good bye; do not weep for me. I shall be happy, very happy. To-morrow just at evening bury me on the river bank. I can sleep sweetly there."

And then her pure spirit took its flight. Her reason had returned, but the few past years of her life were as if they had never been. Her friends buried her where she requested and raised a white marble at her head with the inscription,

"OUR MARY."

The same flowers, that she had cultivated, grew upon her grave and a weeping willow sprang up at her feet. Long years have past since then but still the stream flows on as quietly as before. But when the water falls over the rocks it seems to sing a dirge for the dying and a requiem for the loved and lost.

WRITTEN FOR THE TIMES.
The Old Oak Tree.

BY LEWIS C. G. MILLAR.

On a far-off hill, stood an Old Oak Tree,
And knotted and gnarled was each bough,
For a hundred of years, had it put forth its leaves,
But it was old and storm-beaten now.

I remember, many a year ago,
'Neath the tree played a guileless child,
With thoughts without care, and free as the wind,
Who did nothing, but sang and smiled.

Happy was she, 'neath the Old Oak Tree,
And well I remember the day,
When in care and in sorrow, I heard her song,
And it drove my grief away.

Heavy and sad was my heart that hour,
For friends had left me, and fled—
Hopes that were bright had faded and gone,
Dark clouds seemed above my head.

Bithesome and gay, was the merry song
That fell on my astonished ear,
I was forced to listen all the day long,
And that song dispelled my fear.

SONG.
1. I am happy, I am happy,
Not a care have I,
All the world is bright to me,
And it never brings a sigh.
I am happy, I am happy,
Because it is my choice,
Troubles never can nor will
Mingle with my joys.

2. Cares may come, but they will flee,
Friends may leave me too,
Home and every thing be swept
Away from mortal view,
Misfortune's clouds so dark
May lower above my head,
But still I will be happy,
For I have no fear or dread.

3. For in yonder heavens, friends have I,
Who never will forsake,
And in yonder heavens, I have a home
My God did for me make;
There no care or sorrow comes,
There is no tear or sigh,
Angels there are happy,
And say, why may not I?

VI.
The Old Oak Tree is nearly gone,
And its branches are shattered and broken,
But each riddled limb and each naked bough,
Is to me a precious token!

VII.
It tells of the night of sorrow that's past,
Of the darkness of grief that has fled,
It tells of the dawn of happiness' sun,
Of the light of joy round me shed.

VIII.
And oft as troubles and cares oppress,
And sadness weighs heavily,
I think of the song of this guileless child,
Which she sang 'neath the Old Oak Tree.

IX.
And you who mourn your pitiful life,
Who grieve your hapless fate,
Who murmur at wills of Providence,
And envy your neighbor's estate;

X.
Come, banish your fears, and sing the song,
That was sung by the guileless child,
That of you, it be said, as was said of her,
You did nothing, but sang and smiled.

XL
The grass may be dry on a far off hill,
Mouldering, the Old Oak Tree,
But I'll treasure that song in memory still,
Be happy, and cares will flee.

WRITTEN FOR THE TIMES.
**THE BROTHERS;
OR,
Reward of Noble and Crime.**

BY CHAS. E. W. DOBBS.
Author of "The Soldier," "Leonora Castelli,"
"The Traitor's Doom," etc.

CHAPTER III.
His dark pensive eye
Speaks the high soul, the thought sublime.
[Charlotte Elizabeth.]

SHORT time after the interview between Annette and her uncle, detailed in the preceding chapter, a lonely horseman might have been seen wending his way to the city from the main road. His dust-covered habiliments evidenced that he had ridden far and long. He was a young man—seeming about twenty-two or three, and his graceful form, as he sat erect upon his noble beast, at once filled the beholder with admiration, as his mind was wafted back to the days of knight hood and chivalry. His features were regular and expressive; his hair of jetty hue; his eyes dark and pensive; his countenance frank and devoid of a single shade of deceit or mistrust, was an index to the noble soul that dwelt within his manly frame.

He proceeded direct to the City Hotel, and having given his horse into the care of the hostler and changed his dust-covered dress, he entered the office and registered his name as George Hamilton.

As the new-comer entered every eye seemed fixed upon him. His stately form, handsome features and urbane manners at once made a favorable and lasting impression on those around. Hamilton, fatigued, seated himself, and taking up a periodical, he commenced reading. As he sat thus the idlers were taxing their imaginations in making all sorts of conjectures in relation to him.

"Fine looking fellow," said one.

"Wonder if his fair hands ever did any work," rejoined another.

"But he's a lady's walking stick," ventured another.

"Like to know his name," added another.

At the last remark the individual raised himself by great exertion from his half sitting—half reclining posture, and made his way to the Clerk and glanced at the Register, and having satisfied his curiosity he returned to his former position.

"Let's all go and drink the stranger's health," suggested one of the group, which suggestion was received with approbation, and having invited Hamilton to participate with them, who respectfully declined, they adjourned to the bar room.

As soon as the party left, Hamilton turned to the Clerk and asked if he could inform him of the place of business of Mr. Jesse Campbell.

"Certainly," replied that dignitary, "No. 10 Jackson street—directly opposite the 'La Croft House'—fine fellow—does a flourishing business—acquainted with him?"

"No," said Hamilton, who had gained no information from the reply of the hotel dignitary, except that the gentleman was a very loquacious individual, for he was as ignorant of the whereabouts of the "La Croft House" as he was of the place for which he enquired.

"Well, I am," continued the clerk, "and if you wish to see him I will accompany you there."

"Thank you; I will be grateful for the favor."

So saying Hamilton and his companion of the hour left the hotel and proceeded to the place mentioned.

When they reached the store, Mr. Campbell was engaged and so invited the two to seats. The clerk who was, as the reader has, perhaps, already concluded, a jovial personage, kept up a continual flow of words for a few minutes, when Annette entered the store. Our friend instantly turned his attention to her and deserted Hamilton entirely. The latter gazed upon the fair new comer with admiration and ill-concealed interest. He seemed to drink in the music of her sweet tones with delight. His bright eyes beamed with a greater brilliancy, and the rose-tint resting upon his cheeks assumed a deeper hue.

"Who was that young lady?" he enquired of our friend as that personage returned to him, as Annette went to another part of the store.

"Beautiful girl, isn't she? What lovely ringlets—bright love-lit eyes—matchless form—artless grace—superb features—rosy tinted cheeks, and—"

he replied, and having exhausted his vocabulary of descriptive adjectives, he ceased to take breath.

"But, my dear friend," said Hamilton, who was almost tempted to smile at the

eager earnestness of his friend, "you have not yet answered my question."

"Sure enough I haven't. Her name is—did you ever see such pearly teeth? Her name is Miss Leslie—Miss Annette Leslie. She is a niece of uncle Jesse Campbell—father and mother both departed to the other country—rich as Croesus; and just think, my dear friend, that old dried up, withered, scare-crow lawyer, who loves to call himself and have others call him Squire Freeland, and who expects to be Judge Freeland one of these days, but whom the people have no idea of elevating—that old fellow wants to marry her! He wants to marry her, when there are so many good looking young men in the city—and he glanced towards the huge mirror—why it's absurd to think about."

It is impossible to tell how much longer our indignant clerk would have thus continued, had he not been interrupted by the approach of Mr. Campbell, to whom Hamilton was introduced. He received the stranger kindly and appeared much pleased with him, and after a pause remarked:

"Well, Mr. Hamilton, you can enter upon your duties whenever convenient to yourself. This is my place of business, and you can make yourself perfectly at home."

Mr. Campbell then introduced our hero to his assistants, and with them we will leave him for the present.

CHAPTER IV.

And I said it under breath—
A life is mixed with death,
And who knoweth what is best?
And I smiled to think God's greatness
Flowed around our incompleteness,
Round our restlessness His rest!

[Miss Barrett's Poems.]
Death's but a path that must be trod
If mortals e'er would be with God!
[Parnell.]

READ softly—let thy speech be faintest whispers—for we enter the darkened room, whose awful stillness and subdued light bespeak the chamber of pain and sickness. On the richly curtained couch lies a pale emaciated man. On his head rest the frosty emblems of age. His furrowed brow, and sunken cheeks, and withered limbs, and dimly beaming eyes tell us that the evening of his life is swiftly passing away, and that soon upon his new made mound the spring time's grass and beautiful flowers shall bloom.

Oh! there is something sublime—thrilling—terrible—yet cheering—in the house of death—the chamber of the lifeless form. Sublime, because we feel that we are in the presence of the great "I Am" and his attendant angel hosts; thrilling, and terrible, because we see a fellow mortal about to commence his journey to the untried and unseen and eternal world, whose trackless ocean paths and ceaseless rolling waves have never returned a traveler to guard us from its dangers and storms; and cheerful, because we know another is to bid farewell to all of earth's blighted scenes of sin and death—farewell to all its raging billows and tempest trials, and be at rest forever!

"Call Edward and George," came from the sick man's feeble lips.

"We are here, dear father," whispered the two persons mentioned, "can we do anything for you?"

"No my dear boys; I shall soon cease to cause the world trouble, and trust to be where the weary are at rest." A cough choked the utterance of the dying man, but in a few moments he continued "Raise me up, so that I can speak with more ease—I have much to say."

They did as directed, and as the old man gazed upon them with pride and fatherly affection he said:

"George, get your Bible and read to me."

The Bible was procured, and the young man opened, and turning its pages in a manner that evidenced his familiarity with its contents, in a fine musical voice read a few selections:

"Behold the eye of the Lord is upon them that fear Him—upon them that hope in His mercy, to deliver their soul from death. Our soul waiteth for the Lord; He is our help and our shield. For our heart shall rejoice in Him, because we have trusted in his holy name."

"Man goeth to his long home and the mourners go about the streets. Or ever the silver cord be loosed, or the golden bowl be broken—then shall the dust return to the earth as it was, and the spirit unto God who gave it. There the wicked cease from troubling and the weary are at rest—they hear not the voice of the oppressor."

"We know if our earthly house of this tabernacle were dissolved, we have a building of God, a house not made with hands, eternal in the heavens."

"Thank you, my dear son," said the old man, "how much of joy and consolation there are in that Book of Truth for the weary and disconsolate. Oh! my dear boys, let it be the light to guide you across the sinful desert of earth. Let it be the lamp whose gentle rays shall ever light your path through life. Its words are utterances of truth and wisdom; its

joys are inexhaustible; its promises never failing.

"I feel my life swiftly fleeing away; I feel already the chill shades of the grave creeping around me, but the beams of eternal love radiate my soul. When I am gone, love each other as I have loved you. Strive to fulfil your duties to the world and to society."

The dying Christian ceased, and the awful silence of the room was only broken by the sobs of the warm-hearted George, from whose eyes the tears of unfeigned grief were coursing down his cheeks, while Edward looked on calmly and tearlessly, and with a saddened countenance. Silently they gazed on that loved father, whose gleam of life was fading, fast fading away to the misty world of shades. Once more he spoke:

"I am going now—farewell—meet me above!" and his spirit had fled to join the ransomed Choir around the throne of God, where,

As music fills the balmy grove,
When stormy clouds are past,
So anthems of redeeming love
Shall we employ at last!
When from the world of sin set free—
Far from this realm of pain—
When landed safe beyond life's sea,
And Heaven's pure clime we gain!

Some two months after the scene described above, much excitement reigned. The Court House was filled with an eager and attentive audience, for on that day was to be decided a case of extraordinary interest to them—a case in which was involved fraud of the basest kind. Their flushed countenances and flashing eyes told how much of interest they felt. The cause was that a will was to be acted upon that day which had been alleged to be a fraudulent one. It ran thus:

"I, James Hamilton, make this, my last will and testament. I give and bequeath to my youngest son, George Hamilton, my library and the sum of five thousand dollars, to be realized from my real and personal estate. The remainder of my real and personal estate I do hereby give and bequeath to my eldest son, Edward Hamilton. In witness whereof I hereto affix my hand and seal, this, the fourteenth day of March."

The younger son, who was George Hamilton before introduced to the reader, had taken exception to this will and endeavored to have it annulled as a forgery, as he was confident it was, for he had always been his father's favorite son, and he knew he had made a will dividing his wealth equally between himself and brother, and that, too, subsequent to the date of the above.

In the trial all this had been brought forward. It had been proved also that the witnesses to this will were men with whom the deceased had not at all been intimate; indeed, who were not worthy of the confidence of such a man as he. But notwithstanding this, the will was declared valid, because no positive proof could be adduced to the contrary.

The decision was received with hisses by the incensed assembly, and doubtless lamentable results would have followed had not George gained their attention and persuaded them not to let their friendship for him lead them to rashness. He felt proud to call them his friends, and although he felt as if he was defrauded, he bowed in humble submission to the decision of the law, and would suffer for the fraud.

He disclaimed to accept the paltry sum allotted him in the will, but received the library, or rather what was left of it, for many valuable works were purloined therefrom.

George, unlike his brother, although wealthy, had not neglected to fit himself for a part in this world's concerns, but had thoroughly acquainted himself with mercantile pursuits. Hence he was enabled to obtain a situation as book-keeper in Mr. Campbell's employ. In one month after the decision in regard to the will, he is introduced to the reader on the way to his destined home.

CHAPTER V.

Love is a celestial harmony
Of likely hearts, composed by stars' consent,
Which join together in sweet sympathy,
To work each other's joy and true content!
[Spenser.]

IN his new position Hamilton enjoyed the confidence and esteem of his employer, and he soon became a frequent visitor at his residence. Young, impulsive, generous, sanguine, can it be wondered at, dear reader, that he had learned to love the beautiful Annette. In her he had found the ideal of his joyous heart, the oft-imagined idol of his young mind.

Annette, too, had changed. The wild gleeful childishness of her happy nature had been banished and given place to the more befitting demeanor of the woman. A deeper rose-tint mantled her matchless cheek; her beaming eyes glowed with a more charming light, and her musical voice had assumed a sweeter tone. And why was this? She had asked herself the question more than once, as her relatives remarked the change to her. She was happy, and her heart flutteringly

THE TIMES

GREENSBOROUGH, N. C.

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BEULAH INSTITUTE.—We learn that James A. Long, Esq., of Greensboro, will deliver the Annual Address before the Parthenon Society of the Beulah Male Institute, Madison, on Thursday, June 16th, and the Rev. Levi Thorne, of Chapel Hill, will preach the Annual Sermon before the pupils on Wednesday evening, the 15th.

WAKE FOREST COLLEGE.—The Annual Commencement takes place on the second Thursday in June. The Literary Address before the two Societies will be delivered on Wednesday morning, by Dr. Ed. Warren, of Edenton. On the evening of the same day, Rev. Dr. Burroughs, of Richmond, Va., will preach the sermon before the Graduating Class. Henry W. Miller, Esq., will deliver his Oration on the Eighteenth Century on Thursday afternoon. Commencement party Thursday evening.

The Graduating Class consists of 10. The whole number of students is about 80.

GREAT MISSIONARY MEETING.—There is to be a great Missionary meeting at Trinity College on the 29th of June, being the day before Commencement. The Missionary Board of the Methodist E. Church, South, has selected Rev. M. L. Wood, of North Carolina, as a Missionary to China. It was thought appropriate to hold a farewell meeting, a general gathering of ministers and laymen to look upon the missionary most probably for the last time, and give him their prayers and blessings. Dr. Schon, of Nashville, the Missionary Secretary, and perhaps a Bishop will be present. The time and place are well chosen. Mr. Wood is a graduate of Trinity, there he received his license to preach, and from that place he should start on his great work. No doubt a great majority of the Conference will be present, and an innumerable number of people generally.

ODD FELLOW CELEBRATION.

Buena Vista Lodge of this place celebrated, on Tuesday, the 40th anniversary of the introduction of Odd Fellowship into the United States. The Lodge turned out in procession, and a short, but interesting and well prepared address was delivered by Levi M. Scott, Esq. At night a large and exceedingly pleasant party was given in their Hall.

GUILFORD SUPERIOR COURT was in session last week. The former sheriff, Mr. Winbourne, was tried on an indictment for aiding in or conniving at the escape of Chipman who was confined in jail under sentence of death for the murder of a young lady some three years ago. The Jury rendered a verdict against the Sheriff for not exercising more care and watchfulness over the prisoner, but it was not proven that he in any way aided him to escape. He was fined \$50.

The Grand Jury failed to find a bill against a Mrs. Johnson who was charged with poisoning her husband. The man died from the effects of arsenic, but there was not evidence enough to try his wife for administering it.

Much other business was transacted, court adjourning until ten o'clock Saturday night. Judge Caldwell is a working man.

John A. Wilson has been sentenced, at Little Rock, Ark., to ten years imprisonment, for robbing the mail.

The Tragedy at Washington—Its Close.

The readers of "The Times," many of whom, no doubt, have not cared to watch the course of the trial of Hon. Daniel E. Sickles for the murder of Philip Barton Key, in all the fullness of its pertinent details, as spread before the public by the daily papers of the North, will perhaps be glad to read a succinct history of a case which has for the past three weeks enlisted so much of the public attention throughout the Country.

The trial began on Monday April 4th before Judge Crawford, of the U. S. Criminal Court for the District of Columbia. Considerable difficulty was experienced in the empanelling of a Jury, owing to the sympathy for the accused everywhere prevalent. Finally out of two hundred talesmen summoned twelve were found competent to act as Jurors in the case. Robert Ould, the newly appointed District Attorney, in place of the late Mr. Key, appeared as public prosecutor, assisted by James M. Canale Esq., the leading spirit of the Washington Bar. The accused was represented by his personal friends Messrs James F. Brady and John Graham of the N. Y. Bar and Edwin Stanton, of Pittsburg who without fees had volunteered to defend him.

The evidence for the prosecution disclosed the following leading facts. On Sunday February 27th Mr. Sickles and Mr. Key were seen on the north eastern corner of Lafayette Square. Loud talking ensued but what was said no one heard. A scuffle followed, during which five pistol shots were fired, of which Sickles was seen to fire three. Key was seen to fall and Sickles to snap his revolver at him, exclaiming "You scoundrel, you have dishonored my bed!" Bystanders rushed up at this moment, and Sickles walked away and delivered himself to the authorities, while Key, still breathing, was carried into a neighboring house, where he expired immediately. Three shots were found to have taken effect in the body.

The prosecution here rested its case, arguing that a presumption of malice attached to the killing, until disproved.

The defence proved, that the most amicable and intimate relations had existed between Key and Sickles for many years, back that Key owed his re-appointment by Mr. Buchanan, in great measure to the influence of Mr. S. that Key was received as the most favored of friends into Sickles' house, that in the Spring of 1858 Key seduced the wife of Sickles, that, he afterwards lived in habitual, though concealed adultery with her, that he hired a house of assignation for his base purposes, that he took advantage of the husband's absence during the sittings of Congress, to lure her from her home by the wailing of his handkerchief and that this criminal intimacy, though unknown to Sickles, was yet so unblushingly maintained as to be suspected and spoken of by strangers to the parties, in the city of Washington.

The defence further showed that on the day preceding the killing, Sickles became aware of the crime of his wife and her paramour, that he was distracted with rage and grief, that he confronted her with the proofs which he had obtained, and that she acknowledged her guilt. On the fatal Sunday Key repeatedly passed before the windows of Sickles' house waving the usual signal. Sickles perceived him from his room, and rushing out reached the spot where the scuffle took place. On this spot after the affray a Derringer pistol was found evidently just discharged, and which none of the balls in Key's body would fit.

The prisoner's counsel rested their case on three distinct grounds of defence.

1st That the act of shooting the habitual adulterer of one's wife is justifiable, per se.
2nd That the provocation is so great in such a case, as to afford the reasonable presumption of insanity in the injured party sufficient to make him, for the time, an irresponsible agent.
3rd That the act was in self defence, it being fairly presumable from the evidence that the Derringer pistol found on the ground was the property of Key and had been discharged at Sickles.

The three points were argued with great acumen by the counsel, and, after a trial of twenty days, during which the public interest in the case remained unabated, it

was given to the Jury. They consulted one hour and ten minutes and then returned to the Court-room, when amid the breathless silence of an immense crowd the verdict was rendered—NOT GUILTY!

As these words fell from the lips of the Foreman, there was one loud, wild, thrilling, tumultuous hurrah sent up by the spectators: cheer after cheer resounded in the Court-room, and it was taken up by the multitude on the outside and repeated. Hats and handkerchiefs were waved, and amid a scene never equalled in Washington the prisoner was liberated. The news ran like wildfire through the city, and from all sides crowds were hurrying to the City Hall. The excitement was as intense as it was instantaneous.

Mr. Sickles was borne in triumph by the crowd to the house of one of his friends, where he received the congratulations that were poured in upon him.

The result of this trial is a gratifying proof of the estimation in which the people hold the sanctity of the marriage relation, and the right and duty of the husband to defend it.

DEEP SNOW.—A correspondent writing from Lockport, New York, says snow fell there the 23rd April to the depth of 18 inches.

PRIVATE CORNER.

J. R. W. :—We are pleased to accept of your proposition.....THE BIBLE STORIES :—The reader will perceive that our correspondent has gone back with his Bible Stories to the Creation. The subject so increased as he developed it, that he has concluded to begin at the beginning and come down in regular gradation of time. The first death is the subject of the next story.....INVALID :—We are glad that you are able once more to write us. We are always glad to hear from you. And it is likewise a pleasure to know that you derive any "enjoyment from the visits of the Times." "I hail with sincere pleasure the manifest improvements, both literary and mechanical which you have recently made in the appearance of the Times. I feel so many obligations for the fund of enjoyment which I have derived from its visits. It must be a source of satisfaction to every true friend of southern literature, that it has at last a representative which need not fear to challenge a comparison of merit with those of any clime." I trust no I express the opinion, that no periodical of its peculiar style, has been more successful in catering for the intellectual appetite of the masses. It would be unreasonable, of course, to suppose, that at this early stage of its career it should have attained that maturity of excellence that age and a generous patronage can alone confer; yet if its past energy is to be considered an earnest of its future intentions, its rivals must see to it that they do not slumber during the race, if they would not be stripped of their laurels. May its future career be as brilliant and successful, as its infancy has been vigorous and deserving.....FINLY JOHNSON: Yours received and remittance made.

Everett's Varieties.

EVERETT'S PAVILION OF SCIENCE & ART, EMBRACING Magic, Music, Comic Eccentricities, Fun, Farce, Frolic, & Follies!

THE whole comprising a miscellaneous Melange that never fails to please! WILL EXHIBIT AT Greensboro, On Friday & Saturday MAY, 13th, and 14th. Doors open at 7 o'clock, P. M. Mr. Schmidt, leader the Harmonica Brass and String Band. Mr. Everett has a great expense engaged a Talented Company! And for their performances, he has fitted up a Spacious Pavilion, on a plan of his own, 75 by 100 feet, 800 spectators. His aim is to render his entertainment void of that grossness so common in exhibitions under canvass.

Persons of the strictest religious principles feel no repugnance in witnessing any derisive maintained. The best of reserved for Ladies, and those who accompany them.

Admittance, 50 Cents. Children, when accompanied by their Parents or Guardians, half price. E. M. LEWIS, Agent.

HOLTON'S OINTMENT, An Infallible Remedy, for Bone Fellows,

COMMERCIAL.

GREENSBORO MARKET, May 4.
Reported expressly for the Times.
Bacon 12 1/2 @ 18; Beef 4 @ 5; Butter 20 @ 25; Adamantine 28 @ 35; Candles, Tallows 20 @ 25; Corn 80 @ 90; Meal 80 @ 90; Chickens 10 @ 15; Eggs 6 @ 8; Feathers 40; Flour dried 10; Hay 50 @ 60; Lard 12 1/2 @ 15; Mackerel 40 @ 50; Nails 6 @ 7; Oats 50; Pork 8 @ 10; Rags 2 1/2 @ 3; Rice 8 @ 10; Salt 2 @ 2 1/2; Sugar, Brown 10 @ 12; loaf 10 1/2; crush 80 @ 100; Wool 25 @ 30.

NORFOLK MARKET, April, 29th.
Reported expressly for the Times.
By Rowland & Bros., Commission Merchants.
Flour, Family \$7.75; Flaxseed, 1.35; Superfine, 7.00; Dried Apples, 25 @ 30; Corn, Mixed W. 80 @ 82; 28 lbs., 1.75 @ 2.00; Yellow, 85 @ 86; Peaches, 40 @ 50; Wheat, White 135 @ 140; do, 130 @ 135; Bacon, W. 50 @ 55; do, 50 @ 55; Peas, Black Eye 1.25; do, Sides 10 @ 12; Red & Black 60; N. C. & Va. Hog round, 11 @ 12; do do 2... 13; Staves, R. O. hhd 28 @ 30; do No 2, 11 @ 12; do hbl 40; do No 2, 11 @ 12; do hbl 40; do No 2, 11 @ 12; do hbl 40.

RICHMOND MARKET, April, 25, 1859.
Reported weekly for the Times, by Dickenson & Cole, Forwarding and Commission Merchants.
Bacon, Shoulders, 8 @ 9; Corn, in demand 90 @ 95; Sides, 10 @ 11; Cotton, 12 @ 13; Hams, 12 @ 13; Cotton Yarn, 23 @ 25; Coffee, Rio, 30 @ 32; Flour, \$4 @ 7; Java, 1 @ 1 1/2; Guano, Peruvian, 18 @ 20; Molasses, Cuba, 28 @ 30; Hide, 45 @ 50; Syrup, 28 @ 30; Tobacco, Lugs, 3 @ 5; N. O., 10 @ 15; Good, 6 @ 7; Wheat, White, 165 @ 175; Leaf, 7 @ 9; Red, 1.55 @ 1.65; Good and fine, 9 @ 13.

Professional Cards.

GEO. W. COTHRAN, ATTORNEY & COUNSELLOR, at Law, Lockport, Niagara County, N. Y. 105-47.

J. W. HOWLETT, D.D.S. | J. F. HOWLETT, DENTISTS, Greensboro, N. C. 1-ly.

J. W. EVANS, NEWSPAPER, MAGAZINE and Cheap Book-Store, 10 Pearl Street, Richmond, Va. Subscriptions received for the Times.

JACOB T. BROWN, ATTORNEY AT LAW, HIGH POINT, N. C. Will attend to any business entrusted to his care. 111-ly.

JOHN W. PAYNE, ATTORNEY AT LAW, Having permanently located in Greensboro, N. C., will attend the Courts of Randolph, Davidson, and Guilford, and promptly attend to the collection of all claims placed in his hands. Jan. 8, 1857. 53-ly.

D. W. ELLIOTT, PLAIN AND ORNAMENTAL PAINTER, GREENSBORO, N. C.

ARCHITECTURE. WILLIAM PERCIVAL, ARCHITECT, OFFICE Fayetteville St. Raleigh, will supply Designs, Working Drawings, Specifications and Supervise the construction of Churches, Public and Private Buildings &c., &c. He respectfully refers to those by whom he is engaged in this State. New Baptist Church Committee, Raleigh; University Building Committee, Chapel Hill; New Court House Committee, Yanceyville, Caswell County. R. S. TUCKER, do Raleigh; W. M. BOYLAN, do do; W. C. HARRISON, do do; W. S. Battle Esq., Rocky Mount, Edgecombe County, and others. All Letters on Business addressed Box 106 Raleigh, N. C. promptly attended to. 13-ly.

ROWLAND & BROTHERS, Commission Merchants, Norfolk, Va. ARE prepared to receive and dispose of, advantageously, any quantity of flour from Orange, Alamance, Guilford and neighboring counties. Many years experience with every facility and ability enables us to guarantee satisfaction and promptness in all sales. We have sold for, and refer to among others:—P. C. Cameron, W. J. Bingham, Orange; Hon. T. Ruffin, J. Newlin & Sons, Alamance; J. H. Haughton, Chatham; White & Cameron, C. Phifer & Co., Concord; C. F. Fisher, Salisbury; E. G. Reade, Person; W. J. Holmes, Rowan. Authorized agents for the Times, to receive subscriptions, etc. 6-ly.

LIQUORS:—WHISKIES, Brandies, Wines, Gin, Porter, Ale, Lager Beer, and Cider Royal of warranted qualities, wholesale and retail, at the old stand of Rankin & McLean, by W. S. CLARK. Greensboro, Jan. 1, 1859.

REMARKABLE CURE OF DYSPEPSIA.—Gorham, Me., March 11, 1854. Mr. H. H. Hay :—Dear Sir: Through me you may confidently recommend the Oxygenated Bitters, as the best, if not the only medicine that will cure Dyspepsia. I suffered for more than six years as only a dyspeptic can suffer, tried numerous medicines, and the skill of many physicians, but found no permanent relief, until I obtained from you, the above Bitters. The contents of three bottles so far restored my health, that for the last two years I have had no occasion for medicine. I strongly recommend all Dyspeptics to try it. JOSEPH W. PARKER. Seth W. Rowle & Co., Boston, Proprietors. Sold by their agents every where.

told her that the handsome George Hamilton had caused the change. Her ear had learned to listen for and distinguish his foot-fall, and her heart had learned to throb with a wilder impulse and sener pleasure at the welcome sound. Annette loved. As yet neither had whispered of the new-formed sentiment of their young and pure hearts.

One evening as the summer sun had run his daily course, and was sinking to his golden-curtained couch in the west, Annette sat in her lovely garden retreat where we have before seen her, and from which a fine view could be had of the western horizon. She had been engaged in meditation and her soul was filled with sublime gratitude to the Giver of all Beauty for the enchanting scene spread before her enraptured vision, for Annette possessed a true nature-adoring mind.

"Is it not a picture of grandeur?" asked a well known voice beside her. A quick blush suffused her cheek, and she turned and beheld Hamilton. He had approached her unawares and had stood and gazed in silent admiration on the beautiful and loved one as she viewed the scene of infinite power and love.

"Oh, yes, it is indeed beautiful," she replied, "I love to gaze upon such scenes and view the gold-tinselled clouds—the drapery of the heavens—as they seemingly envelop in their folds the blazing god of day."

"I too," said he, "am a devout admirer of nature and her lovely creations. As I gaze on such scenes as the present, my soul is filled with gratitude to the God who is declared to be love, and I feel that he is indeed good. I was enjoying the lovely scene alone, but it seemed even more beautiful and sublime as I discovered that I had a companion who appeared to be as much delighted as myself. There is a holy power in the celestial passion of sympathy."

"Yes, the sublime appears more full of grandeur when we have friends to share our pleasure with us."

"I am pleased that our feelings harmonize in this," and he led her to the neatly formed rustic seat and seated himself near her. They were kindred spirits—born to love each other—and now in the calm stillness of the summer twilight hour, their hearts throbbed with a new-born rapture.

Hamilton moved nearer the side of Annette and took her not unwilling hand within his own. He felt its timid trembling and fancied he could almost hear the throbbing of her heart.

"Annette, if you will permit me to call you thus, you have taught my heart its first lesson in happiness."

"God gives us love, Something to love He lends us;"

and I have found in you that gift to love.

"I love thee and I feel That on the fountain of my heart a seal Is set, to keep its waters pure and bright For thee!"

Can I hope that my love is returned? The crimson blush on Annette's cheek betrayed her heart. For a moment she averted her face from his love-beaming eyes, and then with a smile of true happiness, she raised her passionate gaze to his and answered;

"Since you have been so frank, I will be likewise—my heart is yours!"

"Dear Annette, my heart is filled with a joyous rapture to hear you speak thus," he murmured as he drew her to his manly breast and imprinted on her rosy lips his "first kiss of love."

"Their love came up the early dew Comes unto drooping flowers, Drooping its first sweet freshness on, Their young life's lonely hours; As each pale blossom lifts its head, Revived with blessings nightly shed, By summer's breeze and dew; Oh! thus their spirits rose beneath, Love's gentle dew and living breath, To drink of life anew!"

Many, many were the joyous hours passed by our lovers after the preceding interview. Together they plucked the wild jewels of nature that bloomed beneath the gentle shades of the forest trees. In the morning breeze and the peaceful twilight they wandered together and the beauties of nature they loved so well. Happiness was theirs—love's bright rays shed a glorious halo over life's gloom, and made all appear lovely—peaceful and serene. Theirs was not a love like that which

"Lives on thro' silent years, Nor ever shines but in the hour of sorrow, When it shows brightest;"

but it was that love which claims "all seasons for its own!"

CONCLUDED IN OUR NEXT.

The ladies of South Carolina have raised \$30,000 towards erecting a monument in memory of John C. Calhoun.

A noble example for the ladies of North Carolina. Will not some patriotic daughter lead off in aid of the "Greene Monument?" Let us act upon the principle of doing much and saying little.

Blank Warrants—For sale at this Office

THE TIMES.

WHIG DISTRICT CONVENTION.—The Whig Congressional Convention for this (the 5th) District met in Graham on Tuesday last. The Hon. John A. Gilmer was unanimously nominated for re-election. The Convention was large—every county being well represented—and a very harmonious spirit characterized the proceedings.

Letter from Louis Napoleon to President Van Buren.

The National Intelligencer publishes the following letter, written by Louis Napoleon to President Van Buren, previous to the embarkation of the present Emperor for Europe, in 1837:

NEW YORK, June 6, 1837.

Mr. President:—I am unwilling to leave the United States without expressing to your Excellency the regret I feel in departing without having gone to Washington to make your acquaintance. Though an ill-fated destiny brought me to America, I had counted upon reaping great benefit in my new place of exile from the Society of our distinguished men. I wished to study the manners and institutions of a people who have achieved more lasting triumphs by their commerce and their enterprise than we in Europe have gained by our arms. I had hoped, under the guardianship of your free laws to have travelled over a country which excites all my sympathy, from the fact that its history and prosperity are intimately blended with the remembrance of which is a glory to Frenchmen. But imperative duty recalls me to the Old World. My mother being dangerously ill, and no political considerations detaining me here, I go to England, and shall from thence endeavor to return to Switzerland.

It is with pleasure, Sir, that I enter upon these details with your Excellency, since you may have given credence to the calumnious surmises respecting me which have appeared in some of the public journals. Holding you, Sir, as I do in high estimation, as the ruler of a free people, I am happy that you should know that, with the name I bear, it is not possible for me to depart an instant from the path pointed out to me by my conscience, my honor and my duty.

I pray your Excellency to receive this letter as a proof of my respect for one who occupies the chair of Washington, and accept the expression of my regard and distinguished consideration.

NAPOLEON LOUIS BONAPARTE.

Direct Trade with Europe.

Mr. Lecouture, a French gentleman and large landed proprietor in Western Virginia, has his heart set on a line of steamers between Norfolk and St. Nazaire at the mouth of the Loire, a port which has immediate railroad and river communications with the wealthy regions of Central France.

He has lately addressed a letter to the Emperor;—from which we give an extract. It will explain his plan, and show that progress has been made in realizing it.

The Hon. W. Ballard Preston, a citizen of Virginia, formerly Secretary of the Navy, under General Taylor's Presidency, was the commissary elected. He has visited England and France for an examination of the ports on the Atlantic. His choice was St. Nazaire, as the head point of a commercial line between France and the centre of the United States; the skillful managers of the Orleans Railway could not fail to mark of what importance it was to both countries to establish these new communications. They thought that notwithstanding the postal line, and concurrently with it, a new service more specially intended for the transport of merchandise and emigrants, would open to France an important market and thoroughfare, and in a short time prove to be a cause of prosperity for the other line connecting with the Orleans Railway; they have made a treaty with M. Wm. Ballard Preston, and laid down the basis for a Franco-American company, with a capital of \$3,000,000 for the building of four screw steamers and for plying twice a month between St. Nazaire and Norfolk. Half of the capital is to be furnished by France and half by America; a subsidy of \$12,500 per each trip is to be asked from the Federal Government; the existence of the company is subordinate to that allocation of funds which it is most likely will be granted.

The Virginia Legislature in the session of last April passed the bill of incorporation, so that the company is now legally constituted and authorized.

In order to bestow a more efficient co-operation, and not to do things by halves, the Virginia Legislature, in advance of all the other States of the Confederation, has

enacted, by a decree of the 7th of April, 1858, the ability of foreigners to become land owners and proprietors, without abdicating their own nationality. That excellent result, claimed for sixty years by our diplomacy, is mostly owing to the earnest efforts of M. Alfred Paul, French Consul at Richmond, and to less to those of M. H. A. Wise, Governor of Virginia, being backed too by those members of the Legislature that are of French descent.

By the liberal measures she has recently enacted, Virginia has at the same time inaugurated a new era, forerunner of ameliorations of all kind, that men of progress and understanding are bringing about. The centre and the South exhibit, and tread in the same path. Will not France, sire, under your powerful guidance, join hand with them?

Ideas, the most true, have to struggle hard to come to light—the best of institutions have to overcome long continued oppositions before they are able to consolidate themselves in a permanent shape and body. In the routine drift of affairs, rivalries are not trifling obstacles. The line of St. Nazaire to Norfolk, in spite of its undeniable utility, its certain chances of success, has already aroused opposing parties, because it clashes with some egotistical interests. So it happened for the construction of the main lines of railroads; and had not the firm and far-seeing will of your Majesty destroyed all obstacles, France would, even at the present day, have to provide for their achievement.

Similar antagonisms do exist in the U. States—the North is bent upon preserving her monopoly. These are rivalries which may, perhaps, delay the help of the Federal Government, but the aid of France could suppress all difficulties; a subsidy of 65,000fr. (\$12,500) for each trip there and back, that is, 1,574,000fr. per annum, would find the company in readiness for immediate working, and plying twice a month between the two shores of the Atlantic. There are ships ready for use, and whilst those intended for the postal service would be put on the ships, the commercial line, acting as pioneers, could inaugurate the new communications.

PROSPECTUS OF THE SOUTHERN FIELD AND FIRESIDE.

A weekly Literary Agricultural Paper, to be published in Augusta, Ga. DR. D. LEE, Agricultural Editor. W. MANN, Literary Editor. This is the title of a Weekly paper, devoted to Agriculture, Literature and Art, which I design to publish in Augusta, Geo. It will be in quarto form of eight pages, folio size—each issue to contain forty columns of matter. It will be in general style similar to, and in size somewhat larger than, the New York Ledger. It will be published on good book paper and will be in mechanical execution in the best style of the typographical art. In utility, it will be all that the best agricultural science and practical knowledge of the South can furnish. A weekly visitor to the homes of Southern planters and farmers, it will be more useful and acceptable to them than any monthly journal of equal merit.

In mental attractions it will be all that a spirit of enterprise on my part, and a laudable emulation on the part of others, can evoke from Southern intellect and cultivation. Too long the Southern people have been content to look to Northern periodicals for instruction in agricultural matters, and to Northern literary papers for mental recreation. There is, however, a growing spirit of independence and self-reliance at the South. Our people are awakening to the conviction that we have the elements of success in the experience, knowledge, and scientific investigation, of the dwellers in our own Southern homes. The truth is gleaming upon us, that we have literary resources of our own worthy to be fostered—that among Southern writers should be divided some portion of that vast stream of Southern money that flows perpetually northward to sustain Northern literature.

My aim is to establish a paper that will be a vehicle of information useful to Southern planters and farmers, and a repository of Southern thought, imagination, and taste, in the realms of Literature and Art; and to obtain for it such an extent of patronage and success as will justify the most liberal compensation to all its contributors. Able and experienced Editors are engaged, and steps are in progress to secure contributions from the most pleasing Southern writers, of both sexes. Much latent talent will be brought to light, and furnish some agreeable surprises to Southern people. "Full many a gem of purest ray serene," will flash before their admiring eyes, and cause a generous glow of pride in Southern genius. The Agricultural Editor will be Dr. Daniel Lee, the distinguished Professor of Agriculture in the University of Georgia—editor for many years past of the Southern Cultivator, and a leading contributor to many Northern agricultural journals of the highest reputation. The Literary Editor will be Mr. W. M. Mann, of this city, an accomplished writer, of fine taste and scholarly attainments, who, having retired from the active duties of the legal profession, spent many years in Europe, and was for several years the Paris Correspondent of the National Intelligencer and Southern Literary Messenger.

The Southern Field and Fireside will combine the useful and the agreeable. It will furnish the Southern farmer information useful in every field he cultivates, and the Southern family choice literature, the offspring of Southern intellect, worthy of welcome at every fireside. It will be, in all respects, a first-class paper—on a scale of expenditure more liberal than has yet been attempted in the South, and designed to rival in its merits the most distinguished of the North.

The first number will be issued on the 28th day of May next.

TERMS—Cash in advance, \$2.00 a year. Bills current in the State from which they are sent, received at par. Postmasters will be allowed fifteen per cent on the amount of subscriptions obtained by them. On all subscriptions exceeding twenty, sent from one office, twenty-five per cent will be allowed.

In addition to this comm. of a premium of one hundred dollars will be paid to that Postmaster, in each of the following States, who sends the largest number of subscribers, with the money, by the first day of August next: Georgia, South Carolina, Tennessee, Alabama and Mississippi.

Other premiums and prizes will be duly announced. No club rates allowed. No credit allowed in any case. Contributions solicited from the pens of Southern writers.

A special appeal is made to the ladies of the South for their patronage and good wishes.

Subscriptions received and receipted for at the Office of the Constitutionalist, Augusta, Ga. This paper will be entirely silent on politics. Address JAMES GARDNER.

JAMES S. PATTERSON, PRACTICAL DESIGNER AND ENGRAVER ON WOOD, No. 1 Spruce Street, opposite city hall, New York. Country orders carefully attended to. Feb. 1859. 6-ly

NEW FIRM. PORTER & CORRELL, Successors to **T. J. Patrick,** Wholesale and Retail DRUGGISTS, Greensboro, N. C. [4-ly]

BOOKS! BOOKS!! THE STOCK OF BOOKS, &c., belonging to the late firm of E. W. Ogburn & Co., are now offered **at Cost!** Merchants and others, engaged in the sale of BOOKS, will do well to call and examine for themselves, as the stock on hand must be sold for the purpose of **Closing up the Concern.** All persons indebted to the firm must call and settle. JAMES W. DOAK, Surviving Partner. (115-1f.)

MARCH 22, 1858. **OTTO HUBER, JEWELLER AND Watchmaker,** West Market, Greensboro, N. C.—Has on hand, and is receiving a splendid and well selected stock of fine and fashionable Jewelry, of every description, among which may be found several magnificent sets of coral Jewelry. He has also a stock of fine Gold and Silver Watches. All repairing done in the best manner and warranted. All persons purchasing Jewelry will do well to call on him, before purchasing elsewhere, as he is confident, that he can sell as good bargains as can be bought in this market. August 1st, 1858. 134-1f.

WASHINGTON HOTEL. Change of Proprietors. Broad street, Newbern, N. C. JOHN F. JONES, Proprietor. The undersigned respectfully announces to the travelling public that he has taken charge of this old and popular establishment, and is now prepared to accommodate travellers and private families with board by the day or month on the most accommodating terms. His TABLE will always be furnished with the best provisions that home and foreign markets can afford. The **Washington Hotel** has large rooms, is nearer the Depot, the Court House and the business streets than any other in the city. An Omnibus will always be at the Depot and Landing on the arrival of the cars and steamboat to convey passengers to the Hotel free of all charge. By stopping at this Hotel passengers will have ample time to obtain meals. Having also a large and commodious Stable and an excellent OSTLER, he is fully prepared to board horses by the day, week or month at the most reasonable rates. JOHN F. JONES, January 1st—1y.

VISITING CARDS. R. G. STAPLES, CARD WRITER, Portsmouth, Va., solicits orders. Cards containing two lines or less, written and forwarded prepaid for \$1.50 per pack. Cards of more than two lines, \$2.00 per pack prepaid to the address of those ordering.

LOOK AT THIS. R. L. DONNELL is taking pictures AT FIFTY CENTS. He invites all to come and give him a fair showing and he will insure them good pictures, or NO CHARGE WILL BE MADE. Rooms formerly occupied by Scott & Gorell, second story Garrett's brick building, West Market, Greensboro, N. C. 89-1y.

ENCOURAGE HOME MANUFACTURE. J. H. Thacker would respectfully inform the citizens of Greensboro and the surrounding country, that he is now manufacturing all kinds of **BOOTS and SHOES low for CASH.** He is also making all kinds of **LADIES' SHOES** as low or lower than they can get Northern work. Call and see for yourselves. An assortment of **SHOES and BOOTS** constantly on hand. Repairing promptly attended to. April 15, 1859.

ATLANTA MEDICAL COLLEGE. Announcement of Lectures. The fifth Course of Lectures in this Institution will commence on the first Monday in May next, and continue four Months—**Faculty.** Alexander Meigs, M. D., Prof. of Chemistry and Pharmacy. H. W. Brown, M. D., Prof. of Anatomy. John W. Jones, M. D., Prof. of Practice of Medicine and General Pathology. W. F. Westmoreland, M. D., Prof. of Principles and Practice of Surgery. T. S. Powell, M. D., Prof. of Obstetrics. J. P. Logan, M. D., Prof. of Physiology and Diseases of Women and Children. J. G. Westmoreland, M. D., Prof. of Materia Medica and Medical Jurisprudence. Practical Anatomy under the immediate direction of the Professor of Anatomy. The Dissecting Room, supplied with good material will be open by the 15th of April.

FEES. For the Course of Lectures \$105. Matriculation (only once) 5. Dissecting ticket (required only once) 10. Graduation 25. Good board can be had at \$3. to \$4. per week. For further information address J. G. WESTMORELAND, Dean. Atlanta Ga. March 10. 1859 (11:25pm:pd)

THE WORLD'S GREAT EXHIBITION PRIZE MEDAL, awarded to C. Meyer, for his two PIANOS, London, October 16th, 1851.



C. Meyer respectfully informs his friends and the public generally, that he has constantly on hand Pianos, equal to those for which he received the Prize Medal in London, in 1851. All orders promptly attended to and great care taken in the selection and packing the same. He has received, during the last fifteen years, more Medals than any other maker, from the Franklin Institute—also, First Premiums, in Boston, New York and Baltimore. Warerooms, No. 772 ARCH street, below Eighth, South side, Philadelphia. 2-6m; 60w

\$50.00 SEWING MACHINES. THE QUAKER CITY SEWING MACHINE Works with two threads, making a double lock stitch, which will not rip or unravel, even if every fourth stitch be cut. It sews equally as well, the coarsest Linsey, or the finest Muslin, and is undeniably the best machine in market. Merchant Tailors, Mantua Makers and House Keepers, are invited to call and examine for themselves.

Mr. P. A. Wilson, Merchant Tailor, Winston, N. C., having tried other machines, buys one of the Quaker City, and pronounces it far better than any before in use.

All persons wishing to secure the agency for the sale of the Quaker City machine, in any of the towns of North Carolina, except in the county of Wake which is secured to Messrs. Tucker & Co., of Raleigh, and the county of Forsythe, taken by P. A. Wilson, of Winston, should apply soon to the undersigned, agents for the State. We will pay a reasonable per cent. to all persons taking agencies. J. & F. GARRETT, Agents. Greensboro, N. C., Feb. 2nd., 1859.

LOOK AT THIS! WE ARE NOW RECEIVING OUR stock of **Spring and Summer Goods.** Our entire stock being new and of the latest styles in market, and embracing every variety of dress goods, both for Ladies and Gentlemen; also a heavy stock of Domestic Goods for servants' wear. Also a large stock of Shoes, Boots, fine and common Hats, Caps, Childrens' fancy hats, Ladies' Bonnets, some very handsomely trimmed, and a great variety of fancy articles. We will still continue to keep our usual stock of Superior Family Groceries, Java, Lagaira and Rio Coffee; Sugars, Teas, Molasses, Syrup, Lard, Oils &c., &c.

We are determined to sell for Cash or on Short Time to punctual dealers, as cheap or cheaper than they can be bought in this or any other market in N. C. All kinds of Country Produce taken in exchange for goods, at the Cash Market Price. Examine our stock before you purchase elsewhere. COLE & AMIS, West Market Street, Greensboro, N. C.

1500,000 lbs. Rags! Rags!! WANTED BY THE FOREST MANUFACTURING COMPANY, One Million Five Hundred Thousand Pounds good Cotton and Linen RAGS. For particulars address, Dr. W. S. MILLER, Supt., Forestville, Wake county, N. C. March, 1859. 12-6m.

NOTICE.—Having retired from the Watch and Jewelry Business in Greensboro N. C. on account of ill health; I recommend to my customers Mr. G. L. MEENLEY, (Formerly of Messrs T. B. Humphreys & Son, of Richmond Va.) who is a good workman, hoping he may get the Patronage of my friends and Customers in general. E. F. POWELL. (13-1f)

FEMALE NORMAL SCHOOL, High Point, N. C. Railroad, 15 miles West of Greensboro. Rev. N. McRAY, Principal, with efficient assistants.

The object of this Institution is to provide for the thorough education of Young Ladies, and as an additional feature, to qualify such of them as may desire it for the avocation of teaching. Its next session will open on the 1st of February, in the new Brick Building recently purchased by the undersigned. The building is situated in a beautiful grove, on a commanding eminence, and a sufficient number of well-furnished rooms to accommodate 100 boarding pupils. We have made arrangements for lectures, experiments and instruction in Natural Sciences, with L. S. Burbank, A. M., formerly associated with Prof. Wm. Russell, in the New England Normal Institute, and more recently Professor of Natural Science in a Southern College. High Point is 943 feet above the level of the sea. The experience of ages has demonstrated the wisdom of educating in elevated and healthy sections of country. The expenses are less than at any other institution of the character in the State. Board, and furnished rooms with fire-places, fuel, &c., \$6 per month. English Branches \$5 to \$15 per session. Languages and ornamentals low. Board and half the tuition required in advance. The Proprietor, Teachers and Pupils dwell together, and eat at the same table. 30 Young Ladies will be received and credited for Tuition until they can teach and pay it. Situations guaranteed to such. For full information, address, REV. WM. I. LANGDON, Proprietor. Jan. 20, '59. High Point, N. C.

DRUGS AND MEDICINES. Porter & Gorrell, Successors to T. J. PATRICK, wholesale and retail druggists, are prepared to execute orders for Drugs, Medicines, and all articles pertaining to the Drug Business, with neatness, accuracy and dispatch. With large and improved arrangements for business, and with a very heavy stock on hand which has been selected with unusual care we feel satisfied that we can offer inducements to Physicians and others who may give us a call. Physicians who buy from us can rely on having their orders filled with pure and reliable DRUGS. Special attention will be given to orders.

DR. BAAKEE



TREATS ALL DISEASES.

DR. BAAKEE will give special attention to the following diseases:—Coughs, Colds, Consumption, Croup, Influenza, Asthma, Bronchitis and all other diseases of the Nose, Mouth, Throat and Lungs. Attention given to the treatment of all skin diseases—Lumbago, Scrofula, Rheumatism, Neuralgia, Paralysis, Epilepsy, Dispepsia, Piles and all derangements of the Stomach, Liver and Bowels; and also, all Chronic diseases pertaining to women and children. Dr. Baakee can produce one thousand certificates of his perfect success in curing, Cancer, Old Sores or Ulcers, Fistula, Swellings, Scald Head, Wens or Tumors of every description, and without the use of the knife. These last named diseases cannot be treated by Correspondence, therefore, the patients must place themselves under the doctor's personal supervision.

DR. BAAKEE has made a new discovery of a Fluid that will produce perfect absorption of the cataract, and restore perfect vision to the Eye, without the use of the knife or needle; and he cures all diseases of the EYES AND EARS, without the use of the Knife; and he has constantly on hand an excellent assortment of beautiful ARTIFICIAL EYES, and TYMPANUMS or (ear drums,) suitable for either sex and all ages—inserted in five minutes.

DOCTOR BAAKEE is one of the most celebrated and skillful Physician and Surgeon now living; his fame is known personally in every principal city of the World. All letters containing ten cents directed to DOCTOR BAAKEE asking any questions pertaining to any disease shall be promptly answered, and all Chronic diseases can be treated by Correspondence except those mentioned that will require his personal supervision.

Office Hours, from 8 A. M. to 5 P. M. DR. BAAKEE. Office, No. 74 Lexington street, between Charles and Liberty streets, Baltimore, Md. 1-ly.

PROSPECTUS OF THE N. C. JOURNAL OF EDUCATION FOR 1859.

THE SECOND VOLUME OF THE JOURNAL will commence with the next year, and the first number will be issued about the middle of January. It will be published monthly, and each number will contain not less than thirty-two pages of reading matter. The Journal will be neatly printed, on fine paper and in a style fully equal to the present volume; the aim of those who have charge of it will be to make it a valuable auxiliary in the cause of education.

It is the property and organ of the State Educational Association and under its control. Through its pages the General Superintendent of Common Schools will communicate with the School officers and teachers of the State. Articles are solicited from teachers and other friends of education—

TERMS (Invariably in Advance) FIVE COPIES, or more, ordered at one time, or to one address ONE DOLLAR each per annum. Additional copies at the same rate. Single copy.....\$2.00. All Teachers and school officers are requested to act as agents. Journal and Times.....\$3. The Teacher who sends us the largest number of subscribers (not less than thirty) before the first of January, will be entitled to half a page of advertising for the year; The one sending the next largest number will be entitled to the fourth of a page; And each one sending 25 or more will be entitled to a card, not exceeding eight lines.

All communications should be addressed to J. D. CAMPBELL Resident Editor, Greensboro, N. C.

WHY DO YE SUFFER WITH CANCERS, ASTHMA, SCROFULA, or any SKIN DISEASE, when it is in your power to be speedily and effectually cured?

Having treated many very bad cases—some which were given up as hopeless, by those not knowing my remedies—I have no hesitancy in saying I can cure any one of the above diseases in a very short time. Seeing is believing, and if any one is credulous, I can produce a number of certificates from some of the first men in this and the adjoining States. Address, WM. E. EDWARDS, Greensboro, N. C. And calls will be made or Medicine sent by mail, at your option.

He is also in possession of a plain and simple art, by which the worst cases of STUTTERING and STAMMERING can be cured in a very short time.

The afflicted would do well to write him, and describe their case.

Good Times Come at Last. THE BEST, CHEAPEST AND MOST ELEGANT STOCK OF READY MADE SPRING and SUMMER CLOTHING has been received by the undersigned.

Our stock consists of Coats, Pants, Vests &c., made in the latest style and in a superior manner to any that has ever been shown in this country. Also Hats, Boots, Shoes, Shirts, Collars, Drawers, Watches, Jewelry, Pistols, Portmonies, Knives, Umbrellas and Carpet Bags, in fact everything that is necessary in a Gents' large furnishing store. These goods were bought and will be sold at prices defying competition. Come and give us a call and you will not leave dissatisfied. S. ARCHER & CO. Spring, 1859. Those indebted to S. Archer, or S. Archer & Co., are hereby earnestly requested to make payment.

NOTICE TO PHYSICIANS. A PHYSICIAN'S SITUATION is for SALE, with real estate, in a pleasant village, among the mountains of Va. The purchaser will be introduced to a practice which pays from \$2000 to \$2500 a year and constantly increasing. Good Society and good Schools. An excellent location for a regular Physician. Enquire of the Editor of this paper. 15-1f.

Children's Department.



EDITED BY W. R. HUNTER,
"THE CHILDREN'S FRIEND."

"Thou shalt not take the name of the Lord thy God in vain; for the Lord will not hold him guiltless that taketh his name in vain."

Dear Children.—I know many of you have learned the Ten Commandments; for it was with pleasure I heard you repeat them; and I hope all of you who have heard your "friend" talk about them, will remember what he said respecting this Command.—But lest you might forget he wishes you to read the following dialogue. It was published in the Penny Gazette in 1851 and it may be some of you have never read this little chat between George and his mother,—

ABOUT TAKING GOD'S NAME IN VAIN.

Several little boys and girls had been spending the afternoon together. They had been swinging in the orchard and running about gathering and eating apples. Many a nice game they had enjoyed, chasing each other round the trees and over the farm; and now the gray evening had come on, and they were all collected in the sitting-room, waiting for tea. Presently the steaming urn was brought in, and the table was covered with plenty of nice things: plates full of bread-and-butter hard biscuits and sweet biscuits, and little tea-cakes, such as children like. They ate and drank till they were quite satisfied, and then returned to their play. After a while one of them proposed playing that they were at church, and said that he would be a minister and preach. There was to be a desk and a pulpit, and the chairs were to be put round for the congregation. They chose for their minister a little boy who had a very sweet voice, and who was able to set a simple tune; but, to their surprise, he refused to help them, and when he was obliged to tell the reason, what do you think it was?

"I know," said George. "He did not like to sing before so many people."

"No," said Mrs. W., "it was a better reason than that; he was afraid of taking God's name in vain."

"Was he, mother?" said George, "that was right; but what did the rest of them say?"

"Some of them were on his side but others thought it very silly; and the boy who was to preach was almost offended. He said he was sure there was no harm in it, that he often did it, and his father and mother did not object."

"I think," said George, "I can tell why he liked it. Perhaps he was admired for doing it so well; and then he was dressed up, and felt so grand."

"Very true," said Mrs. W., smiling; "but how is it you understand his feelings so well?"

"By my own," replied George, "for Emma and I have sometimes played at the very same thing. I used to wear an old apron, and we had the green desk for a pulpit, and the step-ladder for stairs."

"Well," said Mrs. W., "but did it never strike you that there was great danger of taking God's name in vain?"

"No, mother; but I shall be afraid of playing so again."

"I am glad to hear you say so.—There are, however, many other ways of taking God's name in vain besides this."

"How, mother?"

"Whenever we think or speak of serious things, or the institutions or ordinances of religion without reverence, and especially when we pretend to worship God whilst our hearts and thoughts are far from him. Can you repeat the whole of the third commandment?"

"Yes, mother. Thou shalt not take the name of the Lord thy God in vain; for the Lord will not hold him guiltless that taketh his name in vain."

"What is the meaning, do you think, of the last part of the sentence, 'The Lord will not hold him guiltless'?"

"That God will punish us for this sin. But how will he punish it mother?"

"He may refuse to hear us when we call upon him, or he may take away some of our good things, so that we shall be forced to think seriously about him; or he may suffer our hearts to grow so cold and hard, that we may at last learn even to scoff and blaspheme without any thought."

George seemed to be rightly impressed by this conversation, and he went away resolved in future to be more careful not to take God's name in vain, either in thought, word or deed.

Now do you not think George made a good resolution; I think he did, and I hope all who read this chat between George and his mother about taking God's name in vain will resolve to

HONOR GOD'S HOLY NAME.

Hush! little Christian child,
Speak not that holy name,
Not with a laughing lip,
Not in thy playful game;
For the great God of all
Hearth each word we say,
He will remember it
In the great judgement day.

Hush!—for His hosts unseen
Are watching over thee,
His angels spread their wings,
Thy shelter kind to be.
Wilt thou, with words profane,
Rash, and undutiful,
Scatter thine angel guards,
Glorious and beautiful?

Honor God's holy name,
Speak it with thought and care,
Sing it in holy hymns,
Breathe it in earnest prayer;
But not with sudden cry,
In thy light joy or pain,
"God will hold guilty all
Who take his name in vain."

THE MISSIONARY SPIRIT.

The great characteristic feature of the Christian religion is its Missionary Spirit. It demands of its votaries a sacrifice to sense of duty, of home and friends, houses and lands, when necessary for the world's advancement, or the best interests of humanity. It is this spirit which has broken down pagan tyranny, destroyed priestcraft, tamed the wild Northmen, and directed the enterprise and chivalry of the Christian World into the channels of Commerce; and their lofty thoughts, and high aspiration into the great Gulf Stream that is bearing humanity onward to the goal of Universal Liberty.

The world is yet to behold a universal language—a universal religion—a universal liberty; the English language—the Christian Bible—the Magna Charta and American Constitution, are the germs which are inevitably developing into these results. All that is wanted to hasten their development is active energetic, dauntless, self-sacrificing men and women. Those who, taking their lives in their hands, can shut their eyes on worldly allurements, on all that is dear in this life and forsaking all fly to earth's remotest bounds—bearing the standard of progress of vital religion, and of spiritualized intellectuality.

Such men and women there are. But oh, how scarce! When found, how should they be honored in time; as they most assuredly will be in eternity. At this moment, building the waves of the broad Atlantic, there is a little party of nine, just such men and women, bound on such a glorious mission. They go not for a day—a month—or a year—but for a life, to learn the language of the Pagan and down-trodden Sepoy—to elevate him to ennoble him—to direct him heavenward!

What a sublime spectacle of unselfishness. They are young persons, highly educated—graduates of the first institutions in our own country. The world had just opened to them its portals, and was beckoning them on to personal honors, pleasures, and wealth. But the sound of wailing, suffering India, fell upon their ears, crying for help! help! and they turned aside, answering—Lo, we come! We come! Some of these we personally know—and we can wish them God speed. The names of Waugh, and Downy, and Judd, and Parker, with their inestimable wives, and Theburn, will become landmarks in the Evangelical history of India and myriads yet unborn, will rise up and call them blessed.—*New York Waverley.*

If you wish for ease, perplexity and misery, be selfish in all things—this is the shortest road to trouble.

An eccentric individual in Mississippi, in view of the failure of the Atlantic cable, suggests that the company make a trout line of it, and go into the fishing business.

USEFUL INFORMATION.

CULLED AND ARRANGED FOR THE "TIMES."

An immense store of rich knowledge is about in the world, scattered in paragraphs and odd corners of nearly every monthly, weekly and daily periodical; and which, if collected together, culled and properly arranged, would form a copious and useful information, invaluable to the man of science, the professional artist, the merchant, the farmer, and the housekeeper.

Use of Guano.

For ten or twelve years past, Guano of some kind or other, has been rapidly increasing in its use as a fertilizer throughout many parts of the world, and in this country especially. The soil of some States in our confederacy—among which may be named, Maryland, Virginia, North and South Carolina, Georgia and Delaware with some portions of other States—is better adapted to it than those of the East. It seems, in fact, to be absolutely necessary, in order that peculiar kinds of land be made productive and profitable to agriculturists, for this fertilizer to be freely, though judiciously applied. Farmers now estimate its use as indispensable, not only in the view of self-defence, but to place them on a parallel in the race of competition with their neighbors.—When Peruvian Guano was first introduced and practically applied, its effects were surprising and viewed as almost miraculous. The odious monopoly, however of that article, and the exorbitant price demanded for it then, as now; also the fact of its frequent application, unmixed with suitable modifying ingredients, partially neutralized its real utility. Another result, growing out of the law of necessity was to superinduce, or force an exigency in some appropriate substitute. Hence we soon found other guanos and manures discovered and brought into use.

Any of these were found not only good in themselves, but by being proportionately mingled with Peruvian, gave it still greater value and adaption, as well to the soil itself, as in causing greater yields of vegetation.—These efforts have been practically and clearly demonstrated. Thus the demand for Peruvian has been materially reduced, whilst a largely increased want is evinced for other guanos whose component ingredients are different seemingly designed, if we may so speak, to regulate and graduate for agricultural purposes, just such an article as farmers and the permanent good of their lands may require. To them, therefore, this discovery has imparted an important and valuable secret—one which all should realize and put into practice.

Among the varieties of phosphate guano, more recently discovered, a large amount of which is now imported into this city, may be mentioned that brought from *Navassa Island*, in the Caribbean Sea. This Island, we believe, is possessed, and under the control of Baltimore interests.

Competent chemists have carefully analyzed the "Navassa guano," and if their statements be reliable, which we cannot doubt, as these gentlemen's professional reputation has been risked thereon, it must be highly meritorious. The large preponderance of Ammonia in Peruvian, which used alone, has been found injurious to the soil, produces an unnatural growth during the first and second years of its application. An axiom in physical philosophy teaches us that nature seeks repose. It is also that she requires an equilibrium. Any great excitement, artificial or otherwise, produces relaxation. This is an established principle. It follows, therefore, from what we have shown that farmers and planters who find it expedient to use guano, must realize decided economy in adopting the mixture of "Navassa," or some other equal approved phosphatic fertilizer. We give these views as the result of our own reasoning, based also upon practical demonstrations as experienced by others, and for the benefit of whom they may concern.—*Balt. Patriot.*

From the Biblical Recorder.

MAD STONE.—There is a Mad Stone at Mr. Joseph Pointer's in Person county, N. C., 8 or 9 miles east of Milton, and 12 or 13 miles south by west of Roxborough. Dr. Pointer, formerly of Caswell carried one piece to the West, but left the other in Person county. It will cure the bite of a mad dog or of a spider. Persons afflicted should go to him as I do not know that he would send the rock from home. *E. DODSON.*

CURE FOR CATARRH. The following simple remedy has been used with great success by one long and severely troubled with this annoying complaint.

Take, say one part pulverized loaf-sugar to two parts pulverized camphor, and mix them thoroughly together and use as often as the patient wishes in the form of snuff. These simple remedy, followed for a few months, has effected a cure in the case above referred to, entirely beyond expectation. Should the camphor be too powerful or not enough so, reduce or add a small quantity, as the case may require; as it is desirable that the camphor should be the principal agent.

STARCH POLISH.—Take one ounce of spermaceti, and one ounce of white wax; melt, and run it into a thin cake on a plate. A piece the size of a quarter dollar, add

ed a quart of prepared starch, gives a beautiful lustre to the clothes, and prevents the iron from sticking.

Salad for the Solitary.

With a brush-wood, Judaea's timber: the one gives the greatest flame, the other yields the durable fuel; and both use the same best fire.

QUESTION.—If ten sheep have twenty fore feet how many will fifteen have? Answer next week.

THE CONJUROR AND THE YANKEE.—Anler on, the wiz ard, net with a Yankee, who stole a ma ch on h m one day, after ths to lowing patters: Enter Yankee.

"I say! are you Professor Anderson?"

"Yes, sir, at your service."

"Wa'al, you're a tarnation smart man, and I'm somethin' at a trick too, kinder cute, den you know."

"Ah, indeed, what tricks are you up to?" asked the professor, amused at the simple fellow.

"Wa'al, I can take a red cent and change it into a ten dollar gold piece."

"Oh, that's a mere slight-of-hand trick, I can do that too."

"No, you can't. I'd like to see you try."

"Well, hold out your hand with a cent centlying on it."

"This is your cent is it, sure?"

"It's nothin' else."

"Hold on to it tight—Pres'o! change. Now, open your hand."

Yankee opened his flat, and there was a gold eagle shining on his palm.

"Wa'al, you did it. I declare; much obliged to you," and Jonathan turned to go out.

"Say," said the professor, "you may leave my ten dollars."

"Yours! war'n't it my cent; and didn't you turn it into a cr: yaller thing, eh? G'olby!" "I b'lieve," said she, "that a piece of the heart was all I ever got."

There was a commotion among the dishes.

"You are a great bore," said an enraged gent e man from his chamber window to a youth who had been serenading his daughter half an hour—"you are a great bore, and I think you mean to keep on boring till you get water, and there it is," said he, emptying a pitcher full upon his head.

"Well, Jim, what is a commentator?"

"Why, I suppose it must be the commonest of all taters," was the reply.

"Papa, does the logwood they put into wine give it its red color?"

"Yes, certainly."

"Well, papa, is it the logwood in the wine that makes your nose so red?"

"Hush your nonsense, child; here Betty get a candle and put this child to bed."

What is next to an oyster? The shell. A hard case that.

A pretty girl was lately complaining to a friend that she had a cold and was badly plagued in her lips by chaps. "Friend," said Obadiah, "they should never suffer chaps to come near thy lips."

What is the difference between the emperor of Russia and a beggar? The emperor issues his manifestoes, and the beggar manifests toes without his shoes.

What heavenly thing and what earthly thing does a rainy day exercise the same influence over? The sun and your boots; for it takes the shine out of both.

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"You would be very pretty indeed," said a gentleman patronizingly to a young lady, "if your eyes were only a little larger." My eyes may be very small, sir, but such people as you don't fill them."

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